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READING AT
RANDOM

An Anthology
chosen from
'The World's Classics'

BY

BEN RAY REDMAN

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INTRODUCTION

SEVERAL years ago a friend of mine was crossing from the United States to England on a ship which carried among its passengers a little company of American school teachers, bound upon a devout and eager pilgrimage to the monuments and mysteries of the Old World. The band held informal classes on deck and below deck, wherever there was room for them to gather, and their noses were usually deep in guide-book literature or in volumes which assured their purchasers that one could live quite comfortably in Paris or Berlin at the modest price of ten French or German words a day. Life was full and purposeful for the earnest pilgrims. But one bright mid-Atlantic afternoon a teacher, busily engaged with a book, was approached by a sternly spectacled colleague who demanded, 'What are you reading?' No answer came to the ears of my eavesdropping friend who already knew the worst, but the glaring dust wrapper of the volume made confession superfluous, and after a moment of horrified silence the inquisitor exclaimed 'My dear! *not* a detective

story!" The delinquent hung her head 'Yes, it is,' she murmured Then, looking bravely up again, she added 'But, you see, I am not reading to retain'

Reading to retain. The phrase is as delightfully absurd as it is memorable, and I believe that the anecdote has found its way into more or less public circulation, but the school teacher deserves our sympathy, however much her words provoke our laughter She was defending her right to read what, and as, she chose, defending it against all the solemn people who insist that we should invariably read for profit, with the grim determination of a man doing exercises before breakfast. Her only mistake was that she ever hung her head Perhaps unconsciously she echoed the Baconian dictum that some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested If the taste of her detective story was pleasing to her palate, she needed no other justification She was not concerned with digestion, she was not (immortal, happy phrase!) reading to retain There are joys of the table that have nothing to do with nourishment, and pleasures among books that have nothing to do with what is smugly, and some-

what repellently, called self-improvement. The world would be poorer, and we sadder, without them. So let us cling to them.

Let us cling, indeed, to our inalienable privilege of enjoying books when and how we will. Consider the practice from which this small volume takes its title—reading at random. There are those who would insist that it is lazy, self-indulgent, and reprehensible, that we should plot and plan our reading with at least as much care as the average government bestows upon balancing its budget, that we should choose our line and hew at it till the end. Some of which may be so, but those who practise this preaching miss much. To pluck a book from the shelf, open it at hazard, read a paragraph or page, thrust it back again only to dip into another of totally different character, and to continue this random reading so long as the wandering spirit lasts, directed only by whim or by some odd quirk of mnemonic association, this, I contend, is one of the true and legitimate enjoyments that a library affords.

Like all good things, of course, it should not be indulged in to excess, and it will never make one an authority on the *chansons de geste* or the history of English prosody. But, pleasure

apart, it is a more profitable practice than the orderly minded would have us believe. The random reader never reads for long in vain, and he is never bored, because a mere hint of boredom is enough to make him discard the offending volume. His way is unpremeditated, unpredictable, and exciting, he is for ever making small finds that are the dearer to him because they are accidental and the more memorable because they are unanticipated, surprise lurks around the turn of every paragraph, and at any moment he is likely to find himself involved in a literary adventure of the first magnitude. And when that happens, of course, he ceases to be a random reader until he has followed the adventure to its conclusion. A single phrase persuades him to devour a volume, a page convinces him that he will not be happy until he is familiar with all its author's works.

A well stocked and miscellaneous library, the larger and more miscellaneous the better, is the happy hunting-ground of the random reader, but large libraries cannot be taken on train journeys, week-end holidays, or ocean voyages, which is unfortunate, since travel and holidays are conducive to the relaxed and idly curious state of mind that finds random reading

most congenial. When he stirs abroad the random reader must get along as best he can, with the few volumes he finds room to pack. He has numberless anthologies from which to choose, of course, but this age of specialization has persuaded even anthologists that their first duty is to limit their range, that without such limitation their collections can claim no excuse for existence. So we have 'Poems of Love', and 'Religious Poems', and 'English Letters', and 'Poems of Nature', and 'Golden Passages of English Prose', and 'Great Short Biographies', and 'Great Short Stories', and 'Pages from Great Travellers'. All of which is well enough, but not for the random reader. Having finished one love poem he does not ask for another, but for something quite different—a few remarks on the piscatorial technique of the Esquimaux, let us say, or a description of Tahiti, or some observations on the proper manipulation of the snuff-box. He demands, in short, a sweet disorder in his reading.

And that is all that this little book, which results from many hours of pleasant wandering through the library of 'The World's Classics', pretends to offer—a sweet disorder of good reading, nothing more. Its contents are

innocent of arrangement, either according to chronology, authors, subject-matter, or relative excellence. Prose jostles poetry, and minnows attend upon Leviathan. There has been no attempt to bring together the best or worst of anything. The one plan that has been adhered to with unswerving fidelity is that there should be no plan. Washington Irving tells us of an 'unlucky landscape painter who had travelled on the Continent, but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, had sketched in nooks, and corners, and by-places. His sketch-book was accordingly crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins, for he had neglected to paint St. Peter's or the Coliseum, the cascade of Terni or the bay of Naples, and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection.' This volume is like the painter's sketch-book in that vagrant inclination has been the compiler's only guide, and small things abound in these pages, but nothing has been excluded merely because it was famous, and when the eyes of the random reader have happened (but only happened, mind you) to linger appreciatively upon a volcano, why then the volcano—or at least a sample of its flame and smoke—has gone in

It is hoped, however, that triple-starred items from the Baedeker of literature are not too numerous, and that the reader who experiences the pleasure of recognition on some pages will taste the joy of discovery on many others. Not every one who is familiar with Bacon on studies has read Cowper on face-painting, he who has nothing to learn of what De Quincey said about opium may have all to learn of what John Thomas Smith said about wig-stealing. For the millions who revere the creators of Hamlet and Comus, there can be scarcely as many hundreds who have ever met the author of *Dreamthorp*. The reader who is too well acquainted with Carlyle's eloquence, as evoked by the execution of Louis, may turn to Melville's eloquence, as evoked by the grandeurs of Rio. And if Macchiavelli on the proper conduct of princes is an old story, Knox on the incapacity of women for government is likely to prove a new one. All the world, supposedly, knows what Raleigh said to Death, how many know what Woodberry has said, so nobly, concerning the life and death of nations? Or, on another literary level, how well known are Gray's lively description of the coronation of 1761, and Benjamin Robert Haydon's

spirited account of the doughty warrior of Plymouth?

But no guiding finger should be pointed in a volume dedicated to the random reader. Let him light upon his own beauties and curiosities as chance decrees, seeking out nothing by intention, but taking what comes wherever he happens to flick a page. That any member of his tribe will be equally pleased by all the pages is unlikely, for few of us are lucky enough to be able to say with Lamb, 'I can read almost anything' And even Lamb had his preferences, although he praised his star 'for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding'

The present pages were put together for the satisfaction of only one random reader, and even he would admit that the volume might have been composed equally well of a thousand other ingredients that lay ready to hand. There is no thought of saying here, with Valentine of *Love for Love* — 'Read, read, Sirrah, and refine your Appetite, learn to live upon Instruction; feast your Mind, and mortifie your Flesh, Read, and take your Nourishment in at your Eyes, shut up your Mouth, and chew the Cud of Understanding' The compiler's adjuration would be gentler than that. He would only

suggest that the reader remember Jonson's saying that, 'The mind is like a bow, the stronger by being unbent', that he approach the volume in a mood of amiable, catholic curiosity; and that, following Irving's example, he proceed 'with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another; caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape'. For the kinds of enjoyment proffered are various indeed, and the kinds of appreciation must be no less various. The reader who seeks wonders on every page will be disappointed by trifles, the reader who dislikes any author with whom he cannot agree is almost sure to be put off by Butler's remarks on Aeschylus, the reader who cannot enjoy laughing at an author, as well as with him, is not likely to delight in Disraeli's rhapsody on love at first sight.

But the true random reader is a creature of chameleon temperament and flexible mind, quick to grasp shifting points of view and contrasting values, apt at intellectual acclimatization, happy in any literary atmosphere that is good and pure of its kind. He knows better

than the man who takes up a wine card only to call invariably for the same wine. So it may be hoped that this book holds more than a little for him. And it may be hoped further that if, in his sipping of the many vintages that can be sampled here, his palate finds new ones to its taste, he will straightway turn aside to the cellars where those same vintages may be drunk deeply and at leisure.

BEN RAY REDMAN

London,
July, 1932.

NOTE

Permission has been given by the author for G. E. Woodberry, by Messrs. Jonathan Cape for Samuel Butler, to Mr. A. T. A. Dobson for Austin Dobson, and to Mr. Hale White for Mark Rutherford.

The first reference number after each selection in the text is the series number of the *World's Classics* volume from which the selection has been made, the second number refers to the page of that volume on which the selection begins.

READING AT RANDOM

THERE IS NO writing too brief that, without obscurity, comprehends the intent of the writer
—THOMAS CAMPION 240, 65.

NATURE never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done—neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely
Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden But let those things alone, and go to man—for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed—and know whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes, so constant a friend as Pylades, so valiant a man as Orlando, so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus, so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Aeneas —
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY 240, 8

POETRY is indeed something divine It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge, it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred.

It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought, it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns all, and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life. It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things, it is as the odour and the colour of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and splendour of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption. What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship—what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit, what were our consolations on this side of the grave—and what were our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar? Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world, it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no

portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man

Poetry turns all things to loveliness, it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed, it marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change, it subdues to union under its light yoke all irreconcilable things It transmutes all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life, it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty, which is the spirit of its forms —PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 206, 155

I GO into my library, and all history unrolls before me I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingered in it, while it vibrated only to the world's first brood of nightingales, and to the laugh of Eve I see the pyramids building, I

hear the shoutings of the armies of Alexander, I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses I sit as in a theatre—the stage is time, the play is the play of the world What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors! I hear or cry ‘Bravo’ when the great actors come on shaking the stage I am a Roman emperor when I look at a Roman coin I lift Homer, and I shout with Achilles in the trenches The silence of the unpeopled Syrian plains, the out-comings and in-goings of the patriarchs, Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at even-tide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob’s guile, Esau’s face reddened by desert sun-heat, Joseph’s splendid funeral procession—all these things I find within the boards of my Old Testament What a silence in those old books as of a half-peopled world—what bleatings of flocks—what green pastoral rest—what indubitable human existence! Across brawling centuries of blood and war, I hear the bleating of Abraham’s flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah’s camels O men and women, so far separated yet so near, so strange yet so well known, by what miraculous power do I know

ye all! Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse, and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What king's court can boast such company? What school of philosophy such wisdom? The wit of the ancient world is glancing and flashing there. There is Pan's pipe, there are the songs of Apollo. Seated in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages, they are ghosts. I take one down and it speaks with me in a tongue not now heard on earth, and of men and things of which it alone possesses knowledge. I call myself a solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term. No man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than ever did Timour or Genghis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library, but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees —

ALEXANDER SMITH. 200, 220.

EASE and relaxation are profitable to all studies. The mind is like a bow, the stronger by being unbent — BEN JONSON. 219, 412.

Sonnet

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with slutish
 time

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
 burn

The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still find
 room

Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 105, 373.

CRITICISM is a study by which men grow important and formidable at very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may, by mere labour, be obtained is too great to be willingly endured,

but every man can exert such judgement as he has upon the works of others, and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a Critic —SAMUEL JOHNSON 220, 541.

BOTH in health and in sicknesse I have willingly seconded and given my selfe over to those appetites that pressed me I allow great authority to my desires and propensions I love not to cure one evill by another's mischiefe I hate those remedies that importune more than sicknesse To be subject to the cholike, and to be tied to abstaine from the pleasure I have in eating of oysters, are two mischiefes for one. The disease pincheth us the one side, the rule on the other Since we are ever in danger to misdoe, let us rather hazard our selves to follow pleasure. Most men doe contrary and thinke nothing profitable that is not painefull, Facility is by them suspected Mine appetite hath in divers things very happily accommodated and ranged it selfe to the health of my stomake. Being young, acrimony and tartnesse in sawces did greatly delight me, but my stomake being since glutted therewith, my taste hath likewise seconded the same Wine hurts the sicke, it is the first thing

that with an invincible distaste brings my mouth out of taste Whatsoever I receive unwillingly or distastefully, hurts me, whereas nothing doth it whereon I feed with hunger and relish I never received harme by any action that was very pleasing unto me And yet I have made all medicinall conclusions largely to yeeld to my pleasures —MONTAIGNE 77, 396

I HAVE no repugnances Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low I can read any thing which I call a *book* There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such

In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards bound and lettered at the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which ‘no gentleman’s library should be without’ the *Histories* of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley’s *Moral Philosophy*. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these

things in books' clothing perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it is some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what 'seem its leaves', to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopaedias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios, would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully to look like himself again in the world I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils —CHARLES LAMB 2, 222.

Comus Speaks

O FOOLISHNESS of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence!
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth

With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and
 flocks,

Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please and sate the curious taste²
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-
 haired silk,

To deck her sons, and, that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hatched th' all-worshipped ore and precious
 gems

To store her children with If all the world
 Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but
 frieze,

Th' All-giver would be unthanked, would be
 unpraised,

Not half his riches known, and yet despised,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own
 weight,

And strangled with her waste fertility.
 Th' earth cumbered, and the wing'd air darked
 with plumes,

The herds would over-multitude their lords,
 And seas o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
 List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozened
 With that same vaunted name, Virginity
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languished head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship,
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts.
 Think what, and be advised; you are but young
 yet.

A GOVERNMENT cannot have too much of the kind of activity which does not impede, but aids and stimulates, individual exertion and development. The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activity and powers of individuals and bodies, it substitutes its own activity for theirs; when, instead of informing, advising, and, upon occasion, denouncing, it makes them work in fetters, or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them. The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it, and a State which postpones the interests of *their* mental expansion and elevation, to a little more of administrative skill, or of that semblance of it which practice gives, in the details of business, a State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished, and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything, will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish—JOHN STUART MILL. 270, 141

It belongs to a highly developed race to become, in a true sense, aristocratic—a treasury of its best in practical and spiritual types, and then to disappear in the surrounding tides of men. So Athens dissolved like a pearl in the cup of the Mediterranean, and Rome in the cup of Europe, and Judaea in the cup of the Universal Communion. Though death is the law of all life, man touches this earthen fact with the wand of the spirit, and transforms it into the law of sacrifice. Man has won no victory over his environment so sublime as this, finding in his mortal sentence the true choice of the soul and in the road out of Paradise the open highway of eternal life. Races die, but the ideal of sacrifice as the highest race destiny has seldom occurred to men, though it has been suggested both by devout Jews and by devout Irishmen as the divinely appointed organic law of the Hebrew and the Celt. In the general view of men the extinction of a race partakes of the unreasoning finality of nature.

The vital flow of life has this in common with disease—that it is self-limited, the fever runs its course, and burns away. ‘All thoughts, all passions, all delights,’ have this history. In the large arcs of social being, movements of the human spirit, however embracing and profound,

obey the same law of the limitation of specific energy. Revolutions, reforms, re-births exhaust their fuel, and go out. Races are only greater units of man; for a race, as for an individual, there is a time to die, and that time, as history discloses it, is the moment of perfection. This is the largest fact in the moral order of the world, it is the centre of providence in history. In the life of the human spirit the death of the best of its achieving elements, in the moment of their consummation, is as the fading of the flower of the field or the annual fall of the leaves of the forest in the natural world, and unless this be a sacrificial death, it were wantonness and waste like the deaths of nature, but man and his works are supernatural, and raised above nature by an imperishable relation which they contain. Race-history is a perpetual celebration of the Mass. The Cross initials every page with its broad gold, and he whose eye misses that letter has lost the clue to the meaning. I do not refer to the self-devotion of individuals, the sacred lives of the race. I speak of the involuntary element in the life of nations, or what seems such on the vast scale of social life. Always some great culture is dying to enrich the soil of new harvests, some civilization is crumbling to rubbish

to be the hill of a more beautiful city, some race is spending itself that a lower and barbarous world may inherit its stored treasure-house. Although no race may consciously devote itself to the higher ends of mankind, it is the prerogative of its men of genius so to devote it, nor is any nation truly great which is not so dedicated by its warriors and statesmen, its saints and heroes, its thinkers and dreamers. A nation's poets are its true owners, and by the stroke of the pen they convey the title-deeds of its real possessions to strangers and aliens.

This dedication of the energy of a race by its men of genius to the higher ends of mankind is the sap of all the world. The spiritual life of mankind spreads, the spiritual unity of mankind grows, by this age-long surrender of privilege and power into the hands of the world's new men, and the leavening of the mass by the best that has anywhere arisen in it, which is thus brought about. The absorption of aristocracies in democracies, the dissolution of the nobler product in inferior environments, the salutary death of cultures, civilizations, breeds of men, is the strict line on which history, drawing the sundered parts of the earth slowly together, moves to that great consummation when the

best that has at any time been in the world shall be the portion of every man born into it —

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY 354, 212.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was taken by a friend to see a picture He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favourable eye ‘Capital composition, correct drawing, the colour, tone, chiaroscuro excellent, but—but—it wants, hang it, it wants—*That* ’ snapping his fingers, and, wanting ‘that’, though it had everything else, it was worth nothing —DR. JOHN BROWN. 118, 283.

FOR the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said That the Kings and Princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends of those great ones which preceded them They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it, but they follow the counsel of Death, upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the

wisdom of the world, without speaking a word; which God with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed, God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred *I have considered* (saith Solomon) *all the works that are under the Sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit* but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death, which opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre, and King Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrières, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing, but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded, what none hath dared thou hast done, and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet* —SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 219, 254.

*On a Fan that Belonged to
The Marquise de Pompadour*

CHICKEN-SKIN, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue,
Hark to the dainty *frou-frou*!
Picture above, if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight!
Thronging the *Œil de Bœuf* through,
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that Fragonard drew,

Talon-rouge, falbala, queue,
 Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,
 Eager to sigh or to sue,—
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah, but things more than polite
 Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous*!
 Matters of state and of might,
 Things that great ministers do,
 Things that, maybe, overthrew
 Those in whose brains they began,
 Here was the sign and the cue,—
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

ENVOY

Where are the secrets it knew?
 Weavings of plot and of plan?
 —But where is the Pompadour too?
This was the Pompadour's *Fan*!

AUSTIN DOBSON 249, 192.

THERE are croakers in every country, always boding its ruin. Such a one lived in Philadelphia, a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look and a very grave manner of speaking, his name was Samuel Mickle. This gentleman, a stranger to me, stopt one day at my door, and

asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing-house Being answered in the affirmative, he said he was sorry for me, because it was an expensive undertaking, and the expense would be lost, for Philadelphia was a sinking place, the people already half bankrupts, or near being so, all appearances to the contrary, such as new buildings and the rise of rents, being to his certain knowledge fallacious, for they were, in fact, among the things that would soon ruin us And he gave me such a detail of misfortunes now existing, or that were soon to exist, that he left me half melancholy Had I known him before I engaged in this business, probably I never should have done it This man continued to live in this decaying place, and to declaim in the same strain, refusing for many years to buy a house there, because all was going to destruction, and at last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for one as he might have bought it for when he first began his croaking —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN 250, 79

I WAS always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and

unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town-crier. As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighbouring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of *terra incognita*, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships bound to distant climes—with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!

Further reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country, and had I been merely a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification, for on no country have the charms of Nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver, her mountains, with their bright aerial tints, her valleys, teeming with wild fertility, her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes, her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure, her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean, her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence, her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine,—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

But Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise. Europe was rich

in the accumulated treasures of age Her very ruins told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity—to loiter about the ruined castle—to meditate on the falling tower—to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.

I had, beside all this, an earnest desire to see the great men of the earth We have, it is true, our great men in America not a city but has an ample share of them I have mingled among them in my time, and been almost withered by the shade into which they cast me, for there is nothing so baneful to a small man as the shade of a great one, particularly the great man of the city But I was anxious to see the great men of Europe, for I had read in the works of various philosophers, that all animals degenerated in America, and man among the number A great man of Europe, thought I, must therefore be as superior to a great man of America as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson, and in this idea I was confirmed, by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude of

many English travellers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated

It has been either my good or evil lot to have my roving passion gratified. I have wandered through different countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I cannot say that I have studied them with the eyes of a philosopher, but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another, caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape. As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humour has led me aside from the great objects studied by every regular traveller who would make a book. I fear I shall give equal disappointment with an unlucky landscape painter who had

travelled on the Continent, but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, had sketched in nooks, and corners, and by-places His sketch-book was accordingly crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins, for he had neglected to paint St Peter's or the Coliseum, the cascade of Terni or the bay of Naples, and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection —WASHINGTON IRVING 173, 9

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee;
 And was the safeguard of the west the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
 She was a maiden City, bright and free,
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day.
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great is passed away.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH 189, 324.

WHILST you are upon Earth, enjoy the good Things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholy, and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it, Orchards, Gardens, etc., and bid you use them, withal promise you after twenty years to remove you to the Court, and to make you a Privy Councillor, if you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?—JOHN SELDEN. 45, 70

AT ten o'clock next morning we left the capital of the meads. With dragon speed, and dragon noise, fire, smoke, and fury, the train dashed along its road through beautiful meadows, garnished here and there with pollard willows, over pretty streams, whose waters stole along imperceptibly, by venerable old churches, which I vowed I would take the first opportunity of visiting. stopping now and then to recruit its energies at places, whose old Anglo-Saxon names stared me in the eyes from station boards, as specimens of which, let me only dot down Willy Thorpe, Ringsted, and Yrthing Boro.

Quite forgetting everything Welsh, I was enthusiastically Saxon the whole way from Medeshamsted to Blissworth, so thoroughly Saxon was the country, with its rich meads, its old churches and its names. After leaving Blissworth, a thoroughly Saxon place by the bye, as its name shows, signifying the stronghold or possession of Bligh or Blee, I became less Saxon; the country was rather less Saxon, and I caught occasionally the word 'by' on a board, the Danish for a town, which 'by' waked in me a considerable portion of Danish enthusiasm, of which I have plenty, and with reason, having translated the glorious *Kaempe Viser* over the desk of my ancient master, the gentleman solicitor of East Anglia. At length we drew near the great workshop of England, called by some, Brummagem or Bromwicham, by others Birmingham, and I fell into a philosophical reverie, wondering which was the right name. Before, however, we came to the station, I decided that both names were right enough, but that Bromwicham was the original name, signifying the home on the broomie moor, which name it lost in polite parlance for Birmingham, or the home of the son of Biarmer, when a certain man of Danish blood, called Biarming, or the son of

Biarmer, got possession of it, whether by force, fraud, or marriage—the latter, by the bye, is by far the best way of getting possession of an estate—this deponent neither knoweth nor careth At Birmingham station I became a modern Englishman, enthusiastically proud of modern England's science and energy, that station alone is enough to make one proud of being a modern Englishman Oh, what an idea does that station, with its thousand trains dashing off in all directions, or arriving from all quarters, give of modern English science and energy My modern English pride accompanied me all the way to Tipton, for all along the route there were wonderful evidences of English skill and enterprise, in chimneys high as cathedral spires, vomiting forth smoke, furnaces emitting flame and lava, and in the sound of gigantic hammers, wielded by steam, the Englishman's slave After passing Tipton, at which place one leaves the great working district behind, I became for a considerable time a yawning, listless Englishman, without pride, enthusiasm, or feeling of any kind, from which state I was suddenly roused by the sight of ruined edifices on the tops of hills They were remains of castles built by Norman Barons Here, perhaps, the reader will

expect from me a burst of Norman enthusiasm, if so he will be mistaken, I have no Norman enthusiasm, and hate and abominate the name of Norman, for I have always associated that name with the deflowering of helpless Englishwomen, the plundering of English homesteads, and the tearing out of poor Englishmen's eyes. The sight of those edifices, now in ruins, but which were once the strongholds of plunder, violence, and lust, made me almost ashamed of being an Englishman, for they brought to my mind the indignities to which poor English blood has been subjected. I sat silent and melancholy, till looking from the window I caught sight of a long line of hills, which I guessed to be the Welsh hills, as indeed they proved, which sight causing me to remember that I was bound for Wales, the land of the bard, made me cast all gloomy thoughts aside and glow with all the Welsh enthusiasm with which I glowed when I first started in the direction of Wales —GEORGE BORROW. 224, 7.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring, for ornament, is in discourse, and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition

of business, for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned To spend too much time in studies, is sloth, to use them too much for ornament, is affectation, to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience, for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study, and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested, that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the

less important arguments and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man, and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory, if he confer little, he had need have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not Histories make men wise, poets, witty, the mathematics, subtile, natural philosophy, deep, moral, grave, logic and rhetoric, able to contend 'Abeunt studia in mores', nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises, bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like, so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again, if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen, for they are 'Cymini sectores' If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers'

cases so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt —FRANCIS BACON 24, 139

KISSING and bussing differ both in this,
We busse our Wantons, but our Wives we kiss.
ROBERT HERRICK 16, 183.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself, it grates his own ear to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him.—ABRAHAM COWLEY. 32, 45

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakespeare, and to Shakespeare himself Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil (*Trist* Book IV. v 51) But still he thinks the sight of him worth remembering And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him, which he did, to his great satisfaction Now such of us as have shaken hands with a living poet might be able perhaps to reckon up a series

of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona

With some living poets, it is certain There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden Dryden is said to have visited Milton Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant is somewhat apocryphal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sidney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly Thus have we a link of 'beamy

hands' from our own times up to Shakespeare.—

LEIGH HUNT 175, 106

Lines on the Mermaid Tavern

SOULS of poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern²
 Have ye tippled drink more fine
 Than mine host's Canary wine²
 Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison² O generous food!
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his maid Marian,
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's sign-board flew away,
 Nobody knew whither, till
 An astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story,
 Said he saw you in your glory,
 Underneath a new old sign
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac

Souls of poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

JOHN KEATS. 7, 230

I DO not like books I believe I have the smallest library of any literary man in London, and I have no wish to increase it I keep my books at the British Museum and at Mudie's, and it makes me very angry if any one gives me one for my private library I once heard two ladies disputing in a railway carriage as to whether one of them had or had not been wasting money. 'I spent it in books,' said the accused, 'and it's not wasting money to buy books' 'Indeed, my dear, I think it is,' was the rejoinder, and in practice I agree with it Webster's Dictionary, Whitaker's Almanack, and Bradshaw's Railway Guide should be sufficient for any ordinary library, it will be time enough to go beyond these when the mass of useful and entertaining matter which they provide has been mastered. Nevertheless, I admit that sometimes, if not particularly busy, I stop at a second-hand bookstall and turn over a book or two from mere force of habit.

I know not what made me pick up a copy of

Aeschylus—of course in an English version—or rather I know not what made Aeschylus take up with me, for he took me rather than I him, but no sooner had he got me than he began puzzling me, as he has done any time this forty years, to know wherein his transcendent merit can be supposed to lie To me he is, like the greater number of classics in all ages and countries, a literary Struldbrug, rather than a true ambrosia-fed immortal There are true immortals, but they are few and far between, most classics are as great impostors dead as they were when living, and while posing as gods are, five-sevenths of them, only Struldbrugs It comforts me to remember that Aristophanes liked Aeschylus no better than I do True, he praises him by comparison with Sophocles and Euripides, but he only does so that he may run down these last more effectively Aristophanes is a safe man to follow, nor do I see why it should not be as correct to laugh with him as to pull a long face with the Greek Professors, but this is neither here nor there, for no one really cares about Aeschylus, the more interesting question is how he contrived to make so many people for so many years pretend to care about him

Perhaps he married somebody's daughter If

a man would get hold of the public ear, he must pay, marry, or fight I have never understood that Aeschylus was a man of means, and the fighters do not write poetry, so I suppose he must have married a theatrical manager's daughter, and got his plays brought out that way. The ear of any age or country is like its land, air, and water, it seems limitless, but is really limited, and is already in the keeping of those who naturally enough will have no squatting on such valuable property It is written and talked up to as closely as the means of subsistence are bred up to by a teeming population There is not a square inch of it but is in private hands, and he who would freehold any part of it must do so by purchase, marriage, or fighting, in the usual way—and fighting gives the longest, safest tenure The public itself has hardly more voice in the question who shall have its ear, than the land has in choosing its owners It is farmed as those who own it think most profitable to themselves, and small blame to them, nevertheless, it has a residuum of mulishness which the land has not, and does sometimes dispossess its tenants. It is in this residuum that those who fight place their hope and trust

Or perhaps Aeschylus squared the leading

critics of his time When one comes to think of it, he must have done so, for how is it conceivable that such plays should have had such runs if he had not? I met a lady one year in Switzerland who had some parrots that always travelled with her and were the idols of her life These parrots would not let any one read aloud in their presence, unless they heard their own names introduced from time to time If these were freely interpolated into the text they would remain as still as stones, for they thought the reading was about themselves If it was not about them it could not be allowed. The leaders of literature are like those parrots, they do not look at what a man writes, nor if they did would they understand it much better than the parrots do, but they like the sound of their own names, and if these are freely interpolated in a tone they take as friendly, they may even give ear to an outsider Otherwise they will scream him off if they can.—SAMUEL BUTLER 280, 18.

Dirce

STAND close around, ye Stygian set,
 With Dirce, in one boat conveyed!
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget
 That he is old and she a shade.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. 312, 161.

You see, sir, that in this enlightened age I am bold enough to confess, that we are generally men of untaught feelings, that, instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and, to take more shame to ourselves, we cherish them because they are prejudices, and the longer they have lasted and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them. We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason, because we suspect that the stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages. Many of our men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom which prevails in them. If they find what they seek, and they seldom fail, they think it more wise to continue the prejudice, with the reason involved, than to cast away the coat of prejudice, and to leave nothing but the naked reason, because prejudice, with its reason, has a motive to give action to that reason, and an affection which will give it permanence. Prejudice is of ready application in the emergency, it previously engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and

virtue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the moment of decision, sceptical, puzzled, and unresolved. Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit and not a series of unconnected acts. Through just prejudice, his duty becomes a part of his nature —EDMUND BURKE. 112, 95

THE actors in the old tragedies, as we read, piped their iambics to a tune, speaking from under a mask, and wearing stilts and a great head-dress. 'Twas thought the dignity of the Tragic Muse required these appurtenances, and that she was not to move except to a measure and cadence. So Queen Medea slew her children to a slow music and King Agamemnon perished in a dying fall (to use Mr Dryden's words) the Chorus standing by in a set attitude, and rhythmically and decorously bewailing the fates of those great crowned persons. The Muse of History hath encumbered herself with ceremony as well as her Sister of the Theatre. She too wears the mask and the cothurnus, and speaks to measure. She too, in our age, busies herself with the affairs only of kings, waiting on them obsequiously and stately, as if she were but a mistress of court ceremonies, and had nothing to do with the registering of the affairs of the

common people I have seen in his very old age and decrepitude the old French King Lewis the Fourteenth, the type and model of kinghood—who never moved but to measure, who lived and died according to the laws of his Court-marshal, persisting in acting through life the part of Hero, and, divested of poetry, this was but a little wrinkled old man, pock-marked, and with a great periwig and red heels to make him look tall—a hero for a book if you like, or for a brass statue or a painted ceiling, a god in a Roman shape, but what more than a man for Madame Maintenon, or the barber who shaved him, or Monsieur Fagon, his surgeon? I wonder shall History ever pull off her periwig and cease to be court-ridden? Shall we see something of France and England besides Versailles and Windsor? I saw Queen Anne at the latter place tearing down the Park slopes after her stag-hounds, and driving her one-horse chaise—a hot, red-faced woman, not in the least resembling that statue of her which turns its stone back upon St Paul's, and faces the coaches struggling up Ludgate Hill. She was neither better bred nor wiser than you and me, though we knelt to hand her a letter or a wash-hand basin. Why shall History go on kneeling to the end of time? I am for having her

rise up off her knees and take a natural posture: not forever to be performing cringes and congees like a court-chamberlain, and shuffling backwards out of doors in the presence of the sovereign. In a word, I would rather have history familiar than heroic, and think that Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Fielding will give our children a much better idea of the manners of the present age in England than the *Court Gazette* and the newspapers that we get thence—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY 28, 1.

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together, these thousand years, and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine, dead, blind, not what it should be, which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures,—like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull! It is ever so, and thou shouldst

know it, O haughty tyrannous man injustice breeds injustice, curses and falsehoods do verily return 'always *home*', wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations he too experiences that man's tribunal is not in this Earth, that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination, as the like must do, and ought to do And yet at bottom it is not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat the grand loss is of the skin The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more*² Lally went on his hurdle, his mouth filled with a gag Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded, they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die Pity them all thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied!

A Confessor has come, Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good

report, has come promptly on this solemn mission Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King, it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go thine A hard scene yet remains the parting with our loved ones Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us, to be left *here*! Let the reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry, through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches, and see the cruellest of scenes

‘At half-past eight, the door of the ante-room opened the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand, then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth they all flung themselves into the arms of the King Silence reigned for some minutes, interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a move to lead his Majesty towards the inner room, where M Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them “No,” said the King, “let us go into the dining-room, it is there only that I can see you ” They entered there, I shut the door of it, which was of glass The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front, the young Prince remained standing between his Father’s legs They all leaned towards him, and often held him embraced This

scene of woe lasted an hour and three-quarters, during which we could hear nothing, we could see only that always when the King spoke, the sobbings of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes, and that then the King began again to speak '—And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other, the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all the ages of Time, see thee any more!—NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts, then they tear themselves asunder 'Promise that you will see us on the morrow.' He promises —Ah yes, yes, yet once, and go now, ye loved ones, cry to God for yourselves and me!—It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the ante-room, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals, and, with woman's vehemence, said through her tears, '*Vous êtes tous des scélérats*'.

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair: while this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and

kept trying it on his finger, it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Sacrament, and continued in devotion, and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family—it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter—the King gives them his Will, and messages and effects, which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of—he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five lous, these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. ‘Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers “*Partons, Let us go*”’—How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife, soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly, a King’s Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover—all shall perish miserably save one, she, as Duchesse d’Angoulême, will live,—not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women. ‘*Grâce!*

Grâce ! Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there. The armed, did any even pity, dared not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbours. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty-thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men, cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement. It is as a city enchanted into silence and stone. One carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying. Clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence, but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze—the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannon and armed men. Spectators crowding in the rear, D'Orléans Égalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, *hoquetons*, speed to the Townhall, every three minutes near by is the Convention sitting,—vengeful

for Lepelletier Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying, not till five minutes yet has he finished, then the Carriage opens What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it He is in the collision of all tempers, arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned 'Take care of M Edgeworth', he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them then they two descend

The drums are beating '*Taisez-vous, Silence!*' he cries 'in a terrible voice, *d'une voix terrible*'. He mounts the scaffold, not without delay, he is in a puce coat, breeches of grey, white stockings He strips off the coat, stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel The Executioners approach to bind him he spurns, resists, Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare, the fatal moment is come He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, 'his face very red', and says 'Frenchmen, I die innocent it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies, I desire that France—' A General on horseback, Santerre or

another, prances out, with uplifted hand 'Tambours !' The drums drown the voice 'Executioners, do your duty !' The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there, and bind him to their plank Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven' The Axe clanks down, a King's Life is shorn away It is Monday the 21st of January 1793 He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days

Executioner Samson shows the Head fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises, and swells, caps raised on bayonets, hats waving students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais, fling it over Paris. D'Orleans drives off in his cabriolet the Townhall Councillors rub their hands, saying, 'It is done, It is done' There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings — And so, in some half-hour it is done, and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing-out their

trivial quotidian cries the world wags on, as if this were a common day In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was —THOMAS CARLYLE 126, 231.

Song

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me,
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet,
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI 184, 63.

IN the summer of the year 1000, when Ethelred the Unready ruled in England, and fourteen years after Hugh Capet had succeeded the last Carlovingian on the throne of France—the Icelandic legislature was convened for the consideration of a very important subject—no less important, indeed, than an inquiry into the merits of a new religion lately brought into the country by certain emissaries of Olaf Tryggvesson—the first Christian king of Norway—and the same who pulled down London bridge.

The Assembly met The Norse missionaries were called upon to enunciate to the House the tenets of the faith they were commissioned to disclose, and the debate began. Great and fierce was the difference of opinion The good old Tory party, supported by all the authority of the Odin establishment, were violent in opposition The Whigs advocated the new arrangement, and, as the king supported their own views, insisted strongly on the Divine right. Several liberal members permitted themselves to speak sarcastically of the Valhalla tap, and the ankles of Freya The discussion was at its height, when suddenly a fearful peal of subterranean thunder roared around the Althing ‘Listen!’ cried an orator of the Pagan party, ‘how angry is Odin

that we should even consider the subject of a new religion. His fires will consume us' To which a ready debater on the other side replied by 'begging leave to ask the honourable gentleman—with whom were the Gods angry when these rocks were melted?'—pointing to the devastated plain around him Taking advantage of so good a hit, the Treasury 'whips' immediately called for a division, and the Christian religion was adopted by a large majority —LORD DUFFERIN 158, 68

It may possibly be within the recollection of some few of my readers, when gentlemen indulged in an immensely expensive purchase of deep and flowing curled wigs, such as Wycherley and 'Beau Fielding' wore, and I have been credibly informed, that the enormous sum of fifty guineas was given by the best-dressing men of the time for a truly fashionable wig of the above description Such wigs continued to be worn by many men of the old school during the latter part of the profession of Zincke, the Enamel-painter, whose portraits exhibit many of them Mrs Nollekens has frequently been heard to relate, that during the early part of Mr Welch's magistracy, gentlemen were continually

annoyed, and frequently robbed of their wigs in the open street and in mid-day. She stated that this method of wig-stealing was singularly daring, as well as laughably curious. A man dressed like a baker, bending beneath a large loaded bread-basket, which he had hoisted upon his shoulders, waited until the first gentleman wearing a costly wig was about to turn the corner of a street in a crowded thoroughfare; and then, just as an accomplice ran forcibly against him, a boy concealed in the baker's basket, knocked off the gentleman's gold-laced hat, and instantly snatched his wig. Whilst the gentleman was stooping to pick up his hat, the fictitious baker made off, with his dexterous assistant, till he came to the first convenient turning, where he released the boy, who walked away with his booty neatly folded up in a school-boy's satchel, which he threw carelessly over his shoulder, as if slowly going to school, with his round, 'shining, morning face', leaving the baker with a loaf or two in his basket, pretending to be waiting at a customer's door, at which it was supposed he had knock'd. After numerous depredations of this kind, the bakers' men, who were avoided by the Wycherleys, were determined not to be mistaken, and no longer carried

their baskets hoisted on their shoulders, but swung them over the arm, and have ever since carried them at their backs, so that the wearers of wigs might see the contents of their bread-baskets — JOHN THOMAS SMITH 322, 302

Song

Go, and catch a falling star,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me, where all past years are,
 Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
 Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find
 What wind
 Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou beest born to strange sights,
 Things invisible to see,
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee,
 Thou, when thou return'st wilt tell me
 All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear
 No where
 Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
 Yet do not, I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet,
 Though she were true, when you met her,
 And last, till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be
 False, ere I come, to two, or three.

JOHN DONNE 309, 31.

My father used to show my drawings to his customers One of them was a very great man in the town, merchant, and, I believe, consul John H—— was a very worthy but pompous man, exceedingly vain, very fond of talking French before people that could not speak a word of it, and quoting Italian sayings of which he knew little, liked everything but steady attention to his business, was a good father, good husband, and to play soldiers for a week at any time would have laid his head upon the block During the dread of invasion, volunteer corps became the rage. The very infants in the nursery played soldiers too Mr John H—— either raised or joined a corps of volunteers, and warier men made him Colonel, that the expense might not

fall on their heads Colonel he was, and devoted himself to the occupation with so much sincerity that his men in discipline and order would certainly not have disgraced a marching militia regiment After review days, nothing gave the Colonel so much delight as marching right through the town from the Hoe, to the horror and consternation of the apple-women The moment the drums and trumpets were heard sounding at the bottom of Market Street, the scramble to get out of the way amongst the poor old women is not to be imagined Market Street, in Plymouth is a sort of hill, and how often as a boy have I left my drawing, darted down and out to the top of the hill to see the Colonel in all his glory!

First came in view his feather and cap, then his large, red, pride-swollen, big-featured face, with a smile on it, in which grim war, dignity, benevolent condescension, stolidity and self-satisfaction were mixed in equal proportions, then came his charger, curvetting with graceful fire, now hind-quarters this side, now fore-quarters that side, with the Colonel—sword drawn and glittering in the sun,—recognizing the wives and children of the ironmongers, drapers, and grocers, who crowded the windows

to see him pass Then came the band, long drum and trumpets, then the grenadier company, with regular tramp, then the Colonel's eldest son John, out of the counting-house, who was Captain, then his Lieutenant, an attorney's clerk, then the Colonel and band turned to the right, down Broad Street—the music became fainter and fainter, the rear lagged after The Colonel drew up his regiment before his own parlour windows, and solaced by white handkerchiefs and fair looks, dismissed his men, and retired to the privacy of domestic life, until a new field day recalled him again to the glory of the Hoe, and the perils of apple-stalls and slippery streets —BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON 314, 9.

OUR brains are seventy-year clocks The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought, our will cannot stop them, they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them, madness only makes them go faster, death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement

we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads — OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES 62, 159

Song

LET school-masters puzzle their brain,
 With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
 Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
 Gives *genus* a better discerning
 Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
 Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians
 Their Quis, and their Quaes, and their Quods,
 They're all but a parcel of Pigeons
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodist preachers come down
 A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
 I'll wager the rascals a crown
 They always preach best with a skinful
 But when you come down with your pence,
 For a slice of their scurvy religion,
 I'll leave it to all men of sense,
 But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
 And let us be merry and clever;
 Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
 Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.

Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
 Your bustards, your ducks, and your
 widgeons,
 But of all the birds in the air,
 Here's a health to the Jolly Three Pigeons.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll

OLIVER GOLDSMITH 223, 79

YET it is evident, that until doubt began, progress was impossible For, as we have clearly seen, the advance of civilization solely depends on the acquisitions made by the human intellect, and on the extent to which those acquisitions are diffused But men who are perfectly satisfied with their own knowledge, will never attempt to increase it Men who are perfectly convinced of the accuracy of their opinions, will never take the pains of examining the basis on which they are built They look always with wonder, and often with horror, on views contrary to those which they inherited from their fathers, and while they are in this state of mind, it is impossible that they should receive any new truth which interferes with their foregone conclusions

On this account it is, that although the acquisition of fresh knowledge is the necessary precursor of every step in social progress, such

acquisition must itself be preceded by a love of inquiry, and therefore by a spirit of doubt, because without doubt there will be no inquiry, and without inquiry there will be no knowledge. For knowledge is not an inert and passive principle, which comes to us whether we will or no, but it must be sought before it can be won, it is the product of great labour, and therefore of great sacrifice. And it is absurd to suppose that men will incur the labour, and make the sacrifice, for subjects respecting which they are already perfectly content. They who do not feel the darkness, will never look for the light. If on any point we have attained to certainty, we make no further inquiry on that point, because inquiry would be useless, or perhaps dangerous. The doubt must intervene, before the investigation can begin. Here, then, we have the act of doubting as the originator, or, at all events, the necessary antecedent, of all progress. Here we have that scepticism, the very name of which is an abomination to the ignorant, because it disturbs their lazy and complacent minds, because it troubles their cherished superstitions, because it imposes on them the fatigue of inquiry, and because it rouses even sluggish understandings to ask if things are as they are commonly sup-

posed, and if all is really true which they from their childhood have been taught to believe —

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. 41, 270

RELIGION is not a belief, settled once for all, in certain supernatural occurrences supposed to have taken place once upon a time, nor in the necessity for certain prayers and ceremonies, nor is it, as the scientists suppose, a survival of the superstitions of ancient ignorance, which, in our time has no meaning or application to life, but religion is a certain relation of man to eternal life and to God, a relation accordant with reason and contemporary knowledge, and it is the one thing that alone moves humanity forward towards its destined aim —LEO TOLSTOY 46, 336

WE assume that all thought is already long ago adequately set down in books,—all imaginations in poems, and what we say, we only throw in as confirmatory of this supposed complete body of literature A very shallow assumption Say rather, all literature is yet to be written Poetry has scarce chanted its first song The perpetual admonition of nature to us, is, 'The world is new, untried Do not believe the past I give you the universe a virgin to-day'

By Latin and English poetry, we were born

and bred in an oratorio of praises of nature,—flowers, birds, mountains, sun, and moon,—yet the naturalist of this hour finds that he knows nothing, by all their poems, of any of these fine things, that he has conversed with the mere surface and show of them all, and of their essence, or of their history, knows nothing. Further inquiry will discover that nobody,—that not these chanting poets themselves, knew anything sincere of these handsome natures they so commended, that they contented themselves with the passing chirp of a bird, that they saw one or two mornings, and listlessly looked at sunsets, and repeated idly these few glimpses in their song. But go into the forest, you shall find all new and undescribed. The screaming of the wild geese flying by night, the thin note of the companionable titmouse, in the winter day, the fall of swarms of flies, in the autumn, from combats high in the air, pattering down on the leaves like rain, the angry hiss of the wood-birds, the pine throwing out its pollen for the benefit of the next century, the turpentine exuding from the tree,—and, indeed, any vegetation, any animation, any and all, are alike unattempted. The man who stands on the sea-shore, or who rambles in the woods, seems to be the first man

that ever stood on the shore, or entered a grove, his sensations and his world are so novel and strange. Whilst I read the poets, I think that nothing new can be said about morning and evening. But when I see the daybreak, I am not reminded of these Homeric, or Shakespearian, or Miltonic, or Chaucerian pictures. No, but I feel perhaps the pain of an alien world, a world not yet subdued by the thought, or, I am cheered by the moist, warm, glittering, budding, melodious hour, that takes down the narrow walls of my soul, and extends its life and pulsation to the very horizon. *That* is morning, to cease for a bright hour to be a prisoner of this sickly body, and to become as large as nature —

RALPH WALDO EMERSON 236, 118

Robert of Lincoln

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers
 Chee, chee, chee

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
 White are his shoulders and white his crest,
 Hear him call in his merry note:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
 Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the grass while her husband sings
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
 One weak chirp is her only note
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat.
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;

Never was I afraid of man;
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
 Chee, chee, chee

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
 There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might.
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 Nice, good wife, that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
 Six wide mouths are open for food,
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work, and silent with care;
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee

Summer wanes, the children are grown,
 Fun and frolic no more he knows,
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone,
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes.
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 311, 333.

1683-4 9th January I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster Stairs to Lambeth, and dined with the archbishop, where I met my Lord Bruce, Sir Geo Wheeler, Coll Cooke, and several divines After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers,

Sir Geo Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth Stairs to the Horse Ferry

24th The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished and full of commodities, even to a printing-press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames this humour took so universally, that 'twas estimated the printer gained £5 a day for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, etc. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach-races, puppet-plays and interludes, cooks, tipling and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting, as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in The fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perishing Many parks of deer were

destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents —JOHN EVELYN 45, 104

MR WORDSWORTH, in his person, is above the middle size, with marked features and an air somewhat stately and quixotic. He reminds one of some of Holbein's heads —grave, saturnine, with a slight indication of sly humour, kept under by the manners of the age or by the pretensions of the person. He has a peculiar sweetness in his smile, and great depth and manliness and a rugged harmony in the tones of his voice. His manner of reading his own poetry is par-

ticularly imposing, and in his favourite passages his eye beams with preternatural lustre, and the meaning labours slowly up from his swelling breast. No one who has seen him at these moments could go away with an impression that he was 'a man of no mark or likelihood.' Perhaps the comment of his face and voice is necessary to convey a full idea of his poetry. His language may not be intelligible, but his manner is not to be mistaken. It is clear that he is either mad or inspired. In company, even in a *tête-à-tête*, Mr Wordsworth is often silent, indolent and reserved. If he has become verbose and oracular of late years, he was not so in his better days. He threw out a bold or an indifferent remark without either effort or pretension, and relapsed into musing again. He shone most (because he seemed most roused and animated) in reciting his own poetry, or in talking about it. He sometimes gave striking views of his feelings and trains of association in composing certain passages, or if one did not always understand his distinctions, still there was no want of interest. There was a latent meaning worth inquiring into, like a vein of ore that one cannot exactly hit upon at the moment, but of which there are sure indications. His standard of

poetry is high and severe, almost to exclusiveness. He admits of nothing below, scarcely of anything above, himself—WILLIAM HAZLITT
57, 124.

I Have Not Loved the World

I HAVE not loved the world, nor the world me,
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo, in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such, I stood
Among them, but not of them, in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and
still could,
Had I not filled my mind, which thus itself
subdued

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
But let us part fair foes, I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may
be
Words which are things,—hopes which will not
deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing, I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;

That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no
dream

LORD BYRON 180, 184

CONTEMPT is a kind of gangrene, which if it
seizes one part of a character corrupts all the rest
by degrees —SAMUEL JOHNSON 84, 48

COMPREHENSIVE talkers are apt to be tiresome
when we are not athirst for information, but,
to be quite fair, we must admit that superior
reticence is a good deal due to the lack of matter
Speech is often barren, but silence also does not
necessarily brood over a full nest Your still
fowl, blinking at you without remark, may all
the while be sitting on one addled nest-egg, and
when it takes to cackling, will have nothing to
announce but that addled delusion —GEORGE
ELIOT 179, 183

THE tide of friendship does not rise high on the
bank of perfection Amiable weaknesses and
shortcomings are the food of love It is from the
roughnesses and imperfect breaks in a man that
you are able to lay hold of him If a man be an
entire and perfect chrysolite, you slide off him

and fall back into ignorance My friends are not perfect—no more am I—and so we suit each other admirably Their weaknesses keep mine in countenance, and so save me from humiliation and shame We give and take, bear and forbear, the stupidity they utter to-day salves the recollection of the stupidity I uttered yesterday, in their want of wit I see my own, and so feel satisfied and kindly disposed It is one of the charitable dispensations of Providence that perfection is not essential to friendship —ALEXANDER SMITH. 200, 167

THIS is perhaps a fitting time to give some personal description of Miss [Charlotte] Bronte In 1831 she was a quiet, thoughtful girl, of nearly fifteen years of age, very small in figure—‘stunted’ was the word she applied to herself,—but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight, fragile body, no word in ever so slight a degree of deformity could properly be applied to her, with soft, thick, brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description, as they appeared to me in her later life They were large and well shaped; their colour a reddish-brown, but if the iris was closely examined, it appeared to be composed of

a great variety of tints The usual expression was of quiet, listening intelligence, but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind those expressive orbs I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill set, but, unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance over-balanced every physical defect, the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw, when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind—writing, sewing, knitting—was so clear in its minuteness She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire, but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and gloves.—ELIZABETH C GASKELL 214, 74

From Adonais

PEACE, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—
 'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings — *We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel, fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our
 living clay

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again,
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain,
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he,
 Mourn not for Adonais — Thou young Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone,
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!

Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou
 Air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst
 thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its
 despair!

He is made one with Nature • there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird,
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
 Which wields the world with never-weaned
 love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely • he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, com-
 pelling there
 All new successions to the forms they wear,
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its
 flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,

And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the
 Heaven's light

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY 187, 327

IN all the thoughts, words, and actions of Squire Headlong, there was a remarkable alacrity of progression, which almost annihilated the interval between conception and execution. He was utterly regardless of obstacles, and seemed to have expunged their very name from his vocabulary. His designs were never nipped in their infancy by the contemplation of those trivial difficulties which often turn awry the current of enterprise, and, though the rapidity of his movements was sometimes arrested by a more formidable barrier, either naturally existing in the pursuit he had undertaken, or created by his own impetuosity, he seldom failed to succeed either in knocking it down or cutting his way through it. He had little idea of gradation; he saw no interval between the first step and the last, but pounced upon his object with the impetus of a mountain cataract. This rapidity of movement, indeed, subjected him to some disasters which cooler spirits would have escaped. He was an excellent sportsman, and almost

always killed his game, but now and then he killed his dog. Rocks, streams, hedges, gates, and ditches, were objects of no account in his estimation, though a dislocated shoulder, several severe bruises, and two or three narrow escapes for his neck, might have been expected to teach him a certain degree of caution in effecting his transitions. He was so singularly alert in climbing precipices and traversing torrents, that, when he went out on a shooting party, he was very soon left to continue his sport alone, for he was sure to dash up or down some nearly perpendicular path, where no one else had either ability or inclination to follow. He had a pleasure boat on the lake, which he steered with amazing dexterity, but as he always indulged himself in the utmost possible latitude of sail, he was occasionally upset by a sudden gust, and was indebted to his skill in the art of swimming for the opportunity of tempering with a copious libation of wine the unnatural frigidity introduced into his stomach by the extraordinary intrusion of water, an element which he had religiously determined should never pass his lips, but of which, on these occasions, he was sometimes compelled to swallow no inconsiderable quantity. This circumstance alone, of the various

disasters that befell him, occasioned him any permanent affliction, and he accordingly noted the day in his pocket-book, as a *dies nefastus*, with this simple abstract, and brief chronicle of the calamity *Mem Swallowed two or three pints of water* without any notice whatever of the concomitant circumstances These days, of which there were several, were set apart in Headlong Hall for the purpose of anniversary expiation, and, as often as the day returned on which the squire had swallowed water, he not only made a point of swallowing a treble allowance of wine himself, but imposed a heavy mulct on every one of his servants who should be detected in a state of sobriety after sunset but their conduct on these occasions was so uniformly exemplary, that no instance of the infliction of the penalty appears on record.—
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK 339, 68.

Bosola speaks—

OBSERVE my meditation now
What thing is in this outward form of man
To be belov'd? We account it ominous,
If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,
A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling
A man, and fly from't as a prodigy.

Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity
 In any other creature but himself
 But in our own flesh, though we bear diseases
 Which have their true names only ta'en from
 beasts,—

As the most ulcerous wolf and swinish measles,—
 Though we are eaten up of lice and worms,
 And though continually we bear about us
 A rotten and dead body, we delight
 To hide it in rich tissue all our fear,
 Nay, all our terror, is lest our physician
 Should put us in the ground to be made sweet

JOHN WEBSTER 199, 417

SUPERSTITION is a name generally given to a few only of those beliefs for which it is imagined there is no sufficient support, such as the belief in ghosts, witches, and, if we are Protestants, in miracles performed after a certain date. Why these particular beliefs have been selected as solely deserving to be called superstitious it is not easy to discover. If the name is to be extended to all beliefs which we have not attempted to verify, it must include the largest part of those we possess. We vote at the elections as we are told to vote by the newspaper which we happen to read, and our opinions

upon a particular policy are based upon no surer foundation than those of the Papist on the authenticity of the lives of the Saints —MARK RUTHERFORD 358, 84

CONSTANT experience has shown me, that great purity and elegance of style, with a graceful elocution, cover a multitude of faults, in either a speaker or a writer For my own part, I confess (and I believe most people are of my mind) that if a speaker should ungracefully mutter or stammer out to me the sense of an angel, deformed by barbarisms and solecisms, or larded with vulgarisms, he should never speak to me a second time, if I could help it Gain the heart, or you gain nothing, the eyes and the ears are the only road to the heart Merit and knowledge will not gain hearts, though they will secure them when gained Pray have that truth ever in your mind Engage the eyes by your address, air, and motions, soothe the ears by the elegance and harmony of your diction, the heart will certainly follow, and the whole man, or woman, will as certainly follow the heart I must repeat it to you, over and over again, that with all the knowledge which you may have at present, or hereafter acquire, and with all the merit that man

ever had, if you have not a graceful address, liberal and engaging manners, a prepossessing air, and a good degree of eloquence in speaking and writing, you will be nobody, but will have the daily mortification of seeing people with not one-tenth part of your merit or knowledge, get the start of you, and disgrace you, both in company and in business — LORD CHESTERFIELD.

347, 179

HAMLET is a name his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others, whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself 'too much i' th' sun', whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it, whoever has known 'the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the

unworthy takes', he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things, who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre, whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought, he to whom the universe seems infinite and himself nothing, whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock-presentation of them—this is the true Hamlet—WILLIAM HAZLITT. 205, 85

Gratiano speaks

LET me play the fool
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
 And let my liver rather heat with wine
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
 There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,

And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
 As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those
 ears
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
 fools
 I'll tell thee more of this another time.
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 201, 329.

WE may also observe, that those compositions
 which we read the oftenest, and which every
 man of taste has got by heart, have the recom-
 mendation of simplicity, and have nothing sur-
 prising in the thought, when divested of that
 elegance of expression, and harmony of num-
 bers, with which it is clothed. If the merit of the
 composition lie in a point of wit, it may strike
 at first, but the mind anticipates the thought in
 the second perusal, and is no longer affected by

it When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole, and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already But each line, each word in Catullus, has its merit, and I am never tired with the perusal of him It is sufficient to run over Cowley once, but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than the glare of paint, and airs, and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant everything, because he assumes nothing, and whose purity and nature make a durable though not a violent impression on us —DAVID HUME
32, 155

DIGRESSIONS, incontestably, are the sunshine, —they are the life, the soul of reading!—take them out of this book, for instance,—you might as well take the book along with them,—one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it, restore them to the writer,—he steps forth like a bridegroom,—bids All-hail, brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail —
LAURENCE STERNE 40, 66.

FIRST, then, it is not so much affirmed as taken for granted by all who ever mention opium, formally or incidentally, that it does or can produce intoxication. Now reader, assure yourself, *meo periculo*, that no quantity of opium ever did, or could, intoxicate. As to the tincture of opium (commonly called laudanum) *that* might certainly intoxicate, if a man could bear to take enough of it, but why? Because it contains so much proof of spirits of wine, and not because it contains so much opium. But crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol, and not in *degree* only incapable, but even in *kind*, it is not in the quantity of its effects merely, but in the quality, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always rapidly mounting, and tending to a crisis, after which as rapidly it declines, that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours. the first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute, the second of chronic, pleasure, the one is a flickering flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this—that, whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a

proper manner), introduces amongst them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his self-possession, opium sustains and reinforces it. Wine unsettles the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, to the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker, opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive, and, with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections, but, then, with this remarkable difference, that, in the sudden development of kindheartedness which accompanies inebriation, there is always more or less of a maudlin and a transitory character, which exposes it to the contempt of the bystander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears—no mortal knows why, and the animal nature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benigner feelings incident to opium is no febrile access, no fugitive paroxysm,

it is a healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation from pain that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good True it is that even wine up to a certain point, and with certain men, rather tends to exalt and to steady the intellect, I myself, who have never been a great wine-drinker, used to find that half-a-dozen glasses of wine advantageously affected the faculties, brightened and intensified the consciousness, and gave to the mind a feeling of being 'ponderibus liberata suis', and certainly it is most absurdly said, in popular language, of any man, that he is *disguised* in liquor, for, on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety, and exceedingly disguised, and it is when they are drinking that men display themselves in their true complexion of character, which surely is not disguising themselves But still, wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance, and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilise and to disperse the intellectual energies, whereas opium always seems to compose what had been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted In short, to sum up all in one word, a man who is inebriated,

or tending to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which often calls up into supremacy the merely human, too often the brutal, part of his nature, but the opium-eater (I speak of him simply *as such*, and assume that he is in a normal state of health) feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount—that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity, and high over all the great light of the majestic intellect

This is the doctrine of the true church on the subject of opium, of which church I acknowledge myself to be the Pope (consequently infallible), and self-appointed *legate a latere* to all degrees of latitude and longitude —THOMAS DE QUINCEY. 23, 191.

I FEEL it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time To be in company, even with the best, is soon wearisome and dissipating I love to be alone I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude We are for the most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our chambers. A man thinking or working is always alone, let him be where he will Solitude is not measured by the miles of space that intervene between

a man and his fellows The really diligent student in one of the crowded hives of Cambridge College is as solitary as a dervish in the desert The farmer can work alone in the field or the woods all day, hoeing or chopping, and not feel lonesome, because he is employed, but when he comes home at night he cannot sit down in a room alone, at the mercy of his thoughts; but must be where he can 'see the folks', and recreate, and, as he thinks, remunerate himself for his day's solitude, and hence he wonders how the student can sit alone in the house all night and most of the day without ennui and 'the blues', but he does not realize that the student, though in the house, is still at work in *his* field, and chopping in *his* woods, as the farmer in his, and in turn seeks the same recreation and society that the latter does, though it may be a more condensed form of it.

Society is commonly too cheap We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other We meet at meals three times a day, and give each other a new taste of that old musty cheese that we are. We have had to agree on a certain set of rules, called etiquette and politeness, to make this frequent meeting tolerable, and that we need not

come to open war We meet at the post-office, and at the sociable, and about the fireside every night, we live thick and are in each other's way, and stumble over one another, and I think that we thus lose some respect for one another Certainly less frequency would suffice for all important and hearty communications Consider the girls in a factory—never alone, hardly in their dreams It would be better if there were but one inhabitant to a square mile, as where I live The value of a man is not in his skin, that we should touch him

I have heard of a man lost in the woods and dying of famine and exhaustion at the foot of a tree, whose loneliness was relieved by the grotesque visions with which, owing to bodily weakness, his diseased imagination surrounded him, and which he believed to be real So also, owing to bodily and mental health and strength, we may be continually cheered by a like but more normal and natural society, and come to know that we are never alone

I have a great deal of company in my house, especially in the morning, when nobody calls. Let me suggest a few comparisons, that some one may convey an idea of my situation I am no more lonely than the loon in the pond that

laughs so loud, or than Walden Pond itself
 What company has that lonely lake, I pray?
 And yet it has not the blue devils, but the blue
 angels in it, in the azure tint of its waters The
 sun is alone, except in thick weather, when there
 sometimes appear to be two, but one is a mock
 sun God is alone—but the devil, he is far from
 being alone, he sees a great deal of company, he
 is legion. I am no more lonely than a single
 mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean leaf,
 or sorrel, or a horse-fly, or a bumble bee I am
 no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weather-
 cock, or the north star, or the south wind, or an
 April shower, or a January thaw, or the first
 spider in a new house

The indescribable innocence and beneficence
 of Nature—of sun, and wind, and rain, of sum-
 mer and winter—such health, such cheer, they
 afford for ever¹ and such sympathy have they
 ever with our race, that all Nature would be
 affected, and the sun's brightness fade, and the
 winds would sigh humanely, and the clouds rain
 tears, and the woods shed their leaves and put on
 mourning in midsummer, if any man should
 ever for a just cause grieve Shall I not have
 intelligence with the earth? Am I not partly
 leaves and vegetable mould myself?

What is the pill which will keep us well, serene, contented? Not my or thy great-grandfather's, but our great-grandmother Nature's universal, vegetable, botanic medicines, by which she has kept herself young always, outlived so many old Parrs in her day, and fed her health with their decaying fatness. For my panacea, instead of one of those quack vials of a mixture dipped from Acheron and the Dead Sea, which come out of those long shallow black-schooner looking waggons which we sometimes see made to carry bottles, let me have a draught of undiluted morning air. Morning air! If men will not drink of this at the fountain-head of the day, why, then, we must even bottle up some and sell it in the shops, for the benefit of those who have lost their subscription ticket to morning time in this world. But remember, it will not keep quite till noonday even in the coolest cellar, but drive out the stopples long ere that and follow westward the steps of Aurora. I am no worshipper of Hygeia, who was the daughter of that old herb doctor Aesculapius, and who is represented on monuments holding a serpent in one hand, and in the other a cup out of which the serpent sometimes drinks, but rather of Hebe, cup-bearer to Jupiter, who was the

daughter of Juno and wild lettuce, and who had the power of restoring gods and men to the vigour of youth. She was probably the only thoroughly sound-conditioned, healthy, and robust young lady that ever walked the globe, and wherever she came it was spring —HENRY DAVID THOREAU. 68, 120.

Prometheus speaks

MISCONSTRUE not my silence 'Tis not pride,
 Nor daintiness, but thought that tears my heart,
 When I behold the scorn that spurns me here
 Yet who but I to these new deities
 Gave and determined each prerogative?
 Of that I speak not, for ye know it. But learn
 How grievous were the woes of humankind,
 Wherefrom I raised them, furnishing with
 thought
 Their fancies infantile and reasonings crude.
 I speak not this to offend them, but to prove
 The richness of those blessings I bestowed
 They had eyes and saw not, ears and could not
 hear,
 But mingled all things dreamwise hitherto,
 Knowing nought of brick-framed homes, court-
 ing the sun,

Nor woodcraft But they dwelt, like the insect
horde,

In burrows underground No certain sign
Had they of winter, or the flowery spring,
Or fruitful summer All their works were
wrought

Without perception, till I made them know
The risings of the Stars, and, harder yet,
Their settings Furthermore, for their behoof,
My wit brought forth inventions choice and
rare —

Number, prime sovereign of all sciences,
Writing and spelling, and sage Memory,
That wonder-worker, mother of the Muse
'Twas I that first to yoke and collar tamed
The servant steer, and to relieve mankind
From labours manifold, the docile steed
I drew beneath the well-appointed car,
Proud instrument of wealthy mortals' pride.
And none save I found for the mariner
His wave-o'er-wandering chariot, canvas-
winged

I, that devised thus gloriously for men,
Myself have no device to rid my soul
Of her sore burden!

Hear further, and thy wonder will be more

At my wise means and shrewd contrivances.
 This case was hardest If a man fell sick,
 There was no remedy, in shape of food,
 Or draught, or unguent, but they pined away
 For lack of medicines, till, from my thought,
 They learned to mingle kindly healing drugs,
 That guard them from all illness Then I drew
 Clear lines for divination, and discerned
 (Before all others) what from dreams is sure
 To come to pass in waking I disclosed
 The mysteries of omen-bringing words,
 And path-way tokens, and made plain the flight
 Of taloned birds, both of good augury
 And adverse, and the manner of their life,
 With all the meaning of their enmities,
 And mutual loves, and kind companionships
 What the smooth surface and the divers hues
 Of the entrails signify, which pleases most
 The Powers, I taught them, and the liver's lobe
 And gall, by what strange shapes they tell of
 good,
 Then, passing through the fire the beast's long
 chine
 And thigh-bones wrapped in fat of sacrifice,
 I cleared the way for mortals to an art
 Hard of discernment, and made bright and clear
 Fire-auguries, heretofore obscure and blind

Enough of them! Lastly, beneath the ground
 What hidden benefits remained for men,
 Copper and iron ore, silver and gold,
 Who else revealed than I? None but a fool
 And babbler e'er would boast it In one word,
 Know this,—Prometheus gave all arts to men

AESCHYLUS. 117, 247

IN a little while earth will be covering us all
 Then earth herself will change and new things
 arise therefrom, only themselves to change for
 infinity, and their successors to another infinity.
 Ponder this, for if a man reflect on the changes
 and transformations that follow each other like
 wave on wave, and with equal rapidity, he will
 have nothing but contempt for all things mortal

Universal substance is a torrent sweeping all
 things in its course And what poor creatures
 are these dwarfs of men, busied with their
 weighty matters of state and playing the philo-
 sopher to their own satisfaction! Children in
 need of their nurse!—Sirrah, what wilt thou?
 Do the work that Nature now demands of thee!
 Set about thy task as best thou canst, and look
 not round to see if thy neighbour observe thee!
 Hope not for Plato's Eutopia, but rest content

with the smallest progress made, remembering that this consummation is no small thing For who can change men's opinions? And yet, if their opinions remain unchanged, what have we save slaves groaning in their bondage and simulating willing obedience? Go now, and prate to me of Philip and Alexander and Demetrius! I will follow them if it appear they had a clear vision of what universal Nature willed, and trained themselves to execute that will But if they were mere stage-heroes, I am under no sentence to ape them The work of philosophy is simple and modest Strive not to seduce me to insolence and arrogance!

Look down from a higher sphere on the countless herds of men, their myriad rituals, their chequered voyagings in calm and in storm, and all the vicissitudes of mortals from birth to manhood, and from manhood to the grave Survey, moreover, the life that was lived by the men of old time, that will be lived when thou art gone, and is lived now among the savages Reflect how many there are that know not so much as thy name, how many that know it will anon have forgotten it, and how many of thy panegyrists will soon change their blessings into cursings! Then know that neither after-fame

nor present glory,—nay, nothing that is,—is worth a moment's thought!—MARCUS AURELIUS.
60, 86

POETRY is not the proper antithesis to prose, but to science. Poetry is opposed to science, and prose to metre. The proper and immediate object of science is the acquirement, or communication, of truth, the proper and immediate object of poetry is the communication of immediate pleasure. This definition is useful, but as it would include novels and other works of fiction, which yet we do not call poems, there must be some additional character by which poetry is not only divided from opposites, but likewise distinguished from disparate, though similar, modes of composition. Now how is this to be effected? In animated prose, the beauties of nature, and the passions and accidents of human nature, are often expressed in that natural language which the contemplation of them would suggest to a pure and benevolent mind, yet still neither we nor the writers call such a work a poem, though no work could deserve that name which did not include all this, together with something else. What is this? It is that pleasurable emotion, that peculiar state and degree of

excitement, which arises in the poet himself in the act of composition,—and in order to understand this, we must combine a more than ordinary sympathy with the objects, emotions, or incidents contemplated by the poet, consequent on a more than common sensibility, with a more than ordinary activity of the mind in respect of the fancy and the imagination. Hence is produced a more vivid reflection of the truths of nature and of the human heart, united with a constant activity modifying and correcting these truths by that sort of pleasurable emotion, which the exertion of all our faculties gives in a certain degree, but which can only be felt in perfection under the full play of those powers of mind, which are spontaneous rather than voluntary, and in which the effort required bears no proportion to the activity enjoyed. This is the state which permits the production of a highly pleasurable whole, of which each part shall also communicate for itself a distinct and conscious pleasure, and hence arises the definition, which I trust is now intelligible, that poetry, or rather a poem, is a species of composition, opposed to science, as having intellectual pleasure for its object, and as attaining its end by the use of language natural to us in a state of excitement—

readers, not only almost a library of false poetry would have been either precluded or still-born, but, what is of more consequence, works truly excellent, and capable of enlarging the understanding, warming and purifying the heart, and placing in the centre of the whole being the germs of noble and manlike actions, would have been the common diet of the intellect instead. For the first condition, simplicity—while, on the one hand, it distinguished poetry from the arduous processes of science, labouring towards an end not yet arrived at, and supposes a smooth and finished road, on which the reader is to walk onward easily, with streams murmuring by his side, and trees and flowers and human dwellings to make his journey as delightful as the object of it is desirable, instead of having to toil with the pioneers, and painfully make the road on which others are to travel—precludes, on the other hand, every affectation and morbid peculiarity, the second condition, sensuousness, insures that framework of objectivity, that definiteness and articulation of imagery, and that modification of the images themselves, without which poetry becomes flattened into mere didactics of practice, or evaporated into a hazy, unthoughtful, day-dreaming; and the

third condition, passion, provides that neither thought nor imagery shall be simply objective, but that the *passio vera* of humanity shall warm and animate both. To return, however, to the previous definition, this most general and distinctive character of a poem, originates in the poetic genius itself, and, though it comprises whatever can with any propriety be called a poem (unless that word be a mere lazy synonym for a composition in metre), it yet becomes a just, and not merely discriminative, but full and adequate, definition of poetry in its highest and most peculiar sense, only so far as the distinction still results from the poetic genius, which sustains and modifies the emotions, thoughts, and vivid representations of the poem by the energy without effort of the poet's own mind—by the spontaneous activity of his imagination and fancy, and by whatever else with these reveals itself in the balancing and reconciling of opposite or discordant qualities, sameness with difference, a sense of novelty and freshness with old or customary objects, a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order, self-possession and judgment with enthusiasm and vehement feeling,—and which, while it blends and harmonizes the natural and the

artificial, still subordinates art to nature, the manner to the matter, and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the images, passions, characters, and incidents of the poem —SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE 363, 1.

THE art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity . . . nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness To carry on the heave of impulse and pierce intellectual depths and give all subjects their articulations are powers neither common nor very uncommon But to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside is the flawless triumph of art If you have looked on him who has achieved it you have looked on one of the masters of the artists of all nations and times You shall not contemplate the flight of the gray-gull over the bay or the mettlesome action of the blood horse or the tall leaning of sunflowers on their stalk or the appearance of the sun journeying through heaven or the appearance of the

moon afterward with any more satisfaction than
 you shall contemplate him —WALT WHITMAN
 354, 118.

*The Bishop Orders His Tomb
 At Saint Praxed's Church*

(Rome, 15)

VANITY, saith the preacher, vanity!
 Draw round my bed is Anselm keeping back?
 Nephews—sons mine ah God, I know not!
 Well—
 She, men would have to be your mother once,
 Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
 What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
 Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
 And as she died so must we die ourselves,
 And thence ye may perceive the world's adream.
 Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
 Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
 'Do I live, am I dead?' Peace, peace seems all.
 Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
 And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
 With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know.
 —Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care,
 Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South

He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
 Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
 One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
 And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
 And up into the aery dome where live
 The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk
 And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
 And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
 With those nine columns round me, two and
 two,

The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands
 Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
 As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse
 —Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
 Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
 Rosy and flawless how I earned the prize!
 Draw close that conflagration of my church
 —What then? So much was saved if aught
 were missed!

My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
 The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press
 stood,

Drop water gently till the surface sinks,
 And if ye find . Ah, God I know not, I! .
 Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,
 And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
 Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,

Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
 Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast
 Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
 That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
 So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
 Like God the Father's globe on both His hands
 Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
 For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!
 Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years
 Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
 Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black—
 'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How else
 Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
 The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
 Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and per-
 chance

Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
 The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
 Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
 Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
 And Moses with the tables but I know
 Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,
 Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
 To revel down my villas while I gasp
 Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine
 Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
 Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!

'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve
 My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
 One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
 There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
 And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
 Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
 And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?
 —That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
 Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
 No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
 Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
 And then how I shall lie through centuries,
 And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
 And see God made and eaten all day long,
 And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
 Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!
 For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
 Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
 I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
 And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can
 point,
 And let the bedclothes for a mortcloth drop
 Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-work
 And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts
 Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
 About the life before I lived this life,
 And this life too, Popes, Cardinals and Priests,

Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
 Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
 And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
 And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,
 —Aha, ELUCESCEBAT, quoth our friend?
 No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best!
 Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
 All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
 My villas will ye ever eat my heart?
 Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
 They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
 Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,
 Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase
 With grapes, and add a vizor and a Term,
 And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
 That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,
 To comfort me on my entablature
 Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
 'Do I live, am I dead?' There, leave me, there!
 For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
 To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it! Stone—
 Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares which
 sweat
 As if the corpse they keep were oozing through—
 And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
 Well, go! I bless ye Fewer tapers there,
 But in a row and, going, turn your backs

—Aye, like departing altar-ministrants,
 And leave me in my church, the church for peace,
 That I may watch at leisure if he leers—
 Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
 As still he envied me, so fair she was!

ROBERT BROWNING 137, 278.

THE subject of face-painting may be considered (I think) in two points of view. First, there is room for dispute with respect to the consistency of the practice with good morals, and secondly, whether it be on the whole convenient or not, may be a matter worthy of agitation. I set out with all the formality of logical disquisition, but do not promise to observe the same regularity any further than it may comport with my purpose of writing as fast as I can.

As to the immorality of the custom, were I in France, I should see none. On the contrary, it seems in that country to be a symptom of modest consciousness, and a tacit confession of what all know to be true, that French faces have in fact neither red nor white of their own. This humble acknowledgement of a defect looks the more like a virtue, being found among a people not remarkable for humility. Again, before we can prove the practice to be immoral, we must

prove immorality in the design of those who use it, either that they intend a deception, or to kindle unlawful desires in the beholders. But the French ladies, so far as their purpose comes in question, must be acquitted of both these charges. Nobody supposes their colour to be natural for a moment, any more than he would if it were blue or green. and this unambiguous judgement of the matter is owing to two causes first, to the universal knowledge we have, that French women are naturally either brown or yellow, with very few exceptions, and secondly, to the inartificial manner in which they paint for they do not, as I am most satisfactorily informed, even attempt an imitation of nature, but besmear themselves hastily, and at a venture, anxious only to lay on enough. Where therefore there is no wanton intention, nor a wish to deceive, I can discover no immorality. But in England (I am afraid), our painted ladies are not clearly entitled to the same apology. They even imitate nature with such exactness, that the whole public is sometimes divided into two parties, who litigate with great warmth the question, whether painted or not? this was remarkably the case with a Miss B—, whom I well remember. Her roses and lilies were never dis-

covered to be spurious, till she attained an age that made the supposition of their being natural impossible. This anxiety to be not merely red and white, which is all they aim at in France, but to be thought very beautiful, and much more beautiful than nature has made them, is a symptom not very favourable to the idea we would wish to entertain of the chastity, purity, and modesty of our country-women. That they are guilty of a design to deceive, is certain. Otherwise why so much art? and if to deceive, wherefore and with what purpose? Certainly either to gratify vanity of the silliest kind, or, which is still more criminal, to decoy and inveigle, and carry on more successfully the business of temptation. Here therefore my opinion splits itself into two opposite sides upon the same question. I can suppose a French woman, though painted an inch deep, to be a virtuous, discreet, excellent character, and in no instance should I think the worse of one because she was painted. But an English belle must pardon me, if I have not the same charity for her. She is at least an impostor, whether she cheats me or not, because she means to do so; and it is well if that be all the censure she deserves.

This brings me to my second class of ideas

upon this topic and here I feel that I should be fearfully puzzled, were I called upon to recommend the practice on the score of convenience. If a husband chose that his wife should paint, perhaps it might be her duty, as well as her interest, to comply. But he would not much consult his own, for reasons that will follow. In the first place, she would admire herself the more, and in the next, if she managed the matter well, she might be more admired by others, an acquisition that might bring her virtue under trials, to which otherwise it might never have been exposed. In no other case however can I imagine the practice in this country to be either expedient, or convenient. As a general one, it certainly is not expedient, because in general English women have no occasion for it. A swarthy complexion is a rarity here, and the sex, especially since inoculation has been so much in use, have very little cause to complain that nature has not been kind to them in the article of complexion. They may hide and spoil a good one, but they cannot (at least they hardly can), give themselves a better. But even if they could, there is yet a tragedy in the sequel, which should make them tremble. I understand that in France, though

the use of rouge be general, the use of white paint is far from being so In England, she that uses one, commonly uses both Now all white paints, or lotions, or whatever they may be called, are mercurial, consequently poisonous, consequently ruinous in time to the constitution The Miss B—— above mentioned was a miserable witness of this truth, it being certain that her flesh fell from her bones before she died Lady Coventry was hardly a less melancholy proof of it, and a London physician perhaps, were he at liberty to blab, could publish a bill of female mortality, of a length that would astonish us

For these reasons, I utterly condemn the practice, as it obtains in England and for a reason superior to all these I must disapprove it I cannot indeed discover that Scripture forbids it in so many words But that anxious solicitude about the person, which such an artifice evidently betrays, is I am sure contrary to the tenor and spirit of it throughout Show me a woman with a painted face, and I will show you a woman whose heart is set on things of the earth, and not on things above But this observation of mine applies to it only when it is an imitative art For in the use of French women, I think it as innocent as in the use of a wild Indian, who

draws a circle round her face, and makes two spots, perhaps blue, perhaps white, in the middle of it Such are my thoughts upon the matter —
WILLIAM COWPER 138, 167.

THERE was a time—a time which, measured by the years of our national life, was not so very long ago—when the serious thoughts of mankind were occupied exclusively by religion and politics The small knowledge which they possessed of other things was tinctured by their speculative opinions on the relations of heaven and earth, and, down to the sixteenth century, art, science, scarcely even literature, existed in this country, except as, in some way or other, subordinate to theology Philosophers—such philosophers as there were—obtained and half deserved the reputation of quacks and conjurors Astronomy was confused with astrology The physician's medicines were supposed to be powerless, unless the priests said prayers over them The great lawyers, the ambassadors, the chief ministers of state, were generally bishops, even the fighting business was not entirely secular Half-a-dozen Scotch prelates were killed at Flodden, and, late in the reign of Henry the Eighth, no fitter person could be found than

Rowland Lee, Bishop of Coventry, to take command of the Welsh Marches, and harry the freebooters of Llangollen

Every single department of intellectual or practical life was penetrated with the beliefs, or was interwoven with the interests, of the clergy, and thus it was that, when differences of religious opinion arose, they split society to its foundations. The lines of cleavage penetrated everywhere, and there were no subjects whatever in which those who disagreed in theology possessed any common concern. When men quarrelled, they quarrelled altogether. The disturbers of settled beliefs were regarded as public enemies who had placed themselves beyond the pale of humanity, and were considered fit only to be destroyed like wild beasts, or trampled out like the seed of a contagion.

Three centuries have passed over our heads since the time of which I am speaking, and the world is so changed that we can hardly recognize it as the same.

The secrets of nature have been opened out to us on a thousand lines, and men of science of all creeds can pursue side by side their common investigations. Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Calvinists, contend with

each other in honourable rivalry in arts, and literature, and commerce, and industry They read the same books They study at the same academies They have seats in the same senates They preside together on the judicial bench, and carry on, without jar or difference, the ordinary business of the country

Those who share the same pursuits are drawn in spite of themselves into sympathy and goodwill. When they are in harmony in so large a part of their occupations, the points of remaining difference lose their venom Those who thought they hated each other, unconsciously find themselves friends, and as far as it affects the world at large, the acrimony of controversy has almost disappeared

Imagine, if you can, a person being now put to death for a speculative theological opinion. You feel at once, that in the most bigoted country in the world such a thing has become impossible, and the impossibility is the measure of the alteration which we have all undergone The formulas remain as they were on either side—the very same formulas which were once supposed to require these detestable murders But we have learnt to know each other better. The cords which bind together the brotherhood of

mankind are woven of a thousand strands We do not any more fly apart or become enemies, because, here and there, in one strand out of so many, there are still unsound places

If I were asked for a distinct proof that Europe was improving and not retrograding, I should find it in this phenomenon It has not been brought about by controversy Men are fighting still over the same questions which they began to fight about at the Reformation Protestant divines have not driven Catholics out of the field, nor Catholics, Protestants Each polemic writes for his own partisans, and makes no impression on his adversary

Controversy has kept alive a certain quantity of bitterness, and that, I suspect, is all it would accomplish if it continued till the day of judgment I sometimes, in impatient moments, wish the laity in Europe would treat their controversial divines as two gentlemen once treated their seconds, when they found themselves forced into a duel without knowing what they were quarrelling about

As the principals were being led up to their places, one of them whispered to the other, 'If you will shoot your second, I will shoot mine'

—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE 269, 28.

THERE is no love but love at first sight This is the transcendent and surpassing offspring of sheer and unpolluted sympathy. All other is the illegitimate result of observation, of reflection, of compromise, or comparison, of expediency The passions that endure flash like the lightning they scorch the soul, but it is warmed for ever Miserable man whose love rises by degrees upon the frigid morning of his mind! Some hours indeed of warmth and lustre may perchance fall to his lot, some moments of meridian splendour, in which he basks in what he deems eternal sunshine But then how often overcast by the clouds of care, how often dusked by the blight of misery and misfortune! And certain as the rise of such affection is its gradual decline, and melancholy set. Then, in the chill dim twilight of his soul, he execrates custom, because he has madly expected that feelings could be habitual that were not homogeneous, and because he has been guided by the observation of sense, and not by the inspiration of sympathy.

Amid the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and as instantaneously to feel an overwhelming conviction that with that fair form for ever our destiny must be entwined, that there is no more joy but

in her joy, no sorrow but when she grieves, that in her sigh of love, in her smile of fondness, hereafter is all bliss, to feel our flaunty ambition fade away like a shrivelled gourd before her vision, to feel fame a juggle and posterity a lie, and to be prepared at once, for this great object, to forfeit and fling away all former hopes, ties, schemes, views, to violate in her favour every duty of society, this is a lover, and this is love! Magnificent, sublime, divine sentiment! An immortal flame burns in the breast of that man who adores and is adored. He is an ethereal being. The accidents of earth touch him not. Revolutions of empire, changes of creed, mutations of opinion, are to him but the clouds and meteors of a stormy sky. The schemes and struggles of mankind are, in his thinking, but the anxieties of pigmies and the fantastical achievements of apes. Nothing can subdue him. He laughs alike at loss of fortune, loss of friends, loss of character. The deeds and thoughts of men are to him equally indifferent. He does not mingle in their paths of callous bustle, or hold himself responsible to the airy impostures before which they bow down. He is a mariner, who, in the sea of life, keeps his gaze fixedly on a single star, and if that do not shine, he lets go

the rudder, and glories when his barque descends
 into the bottomless gulf — BENJAMIN DISRAELI
 222, 536

Pope Writes to Dr Arbuthnot

SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said,
 Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead
 The dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land
 What walls can guard me, or what shades can
 hide?
 They pierce my thickets, through my grot they
 glide,
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
 No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of
 rhyme,
 Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time
 Is there a parson, much be-mused in beer,
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?

Is there, who, locked from ink and paper,
scrawls

With desp'rate charcoal round his darkened
walls?

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain

Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,

Imputes to me and my damned works the cause

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,

And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope

Friend to my life (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)

What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?

Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?

A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped.

If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead

Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!

Who can't be silent, and who will not lie

To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,

And to be grave, exceeds all power of face

I sit with sad civility, I read

With honest anguish, and an aching head,

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,

This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine
years'

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,

Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term
ends,

Obliged by hunger, and request of friends
'The piece, you think, is incorrect' why take it,
I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it'

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me 'You know his Grace,
I want a patron, ask him for a place'

Pitholeon libelled me—'but here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better
Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine'

Bless me! a packet—"Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse'
If I dislike it, 'Furies, death and rage!'
If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage'
There, thank my stars, my whole commission
ends,

The players and I, are, luckily, no friends
Fired that the house reject him, "Sdeath I'll
print it,

And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
Lintot'

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too
much

'Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch'

All my demurs but double his attacks,
 At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks'
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
 Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack
 Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurled,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world
 Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb
 through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew.
 Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Throned on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
 Lost the arched eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?

ALEXANDER POPE 310, 167.

To reduce the Protestants of Ulster to submission before aid could arrive from England was now the chief object of Tyrconnel. A great force was ordered to move northward, under the command of Richard Hamilton. This man

had violated all the obligations which are held most sacred by gentlemen and soldiers, had broken faith with his most intimate friends, had forfeited his military parole, and was now not ashamed to take the field as a general against the government to which he was bound to render himself up as a prisoner. His march left on the face of the country traces which the most careless eye could not during many years fail to discern. His army was accompanied by a rabble, such as Keating had well compared to the unclean birds of prey which swarm wherever the scent of carrion is strong. The general professed himself anxious to save from ruin and outrage all Protestants who remained quietly at their homes, and he most readily gave them protections under his hand. But these protections proved of no avail, and he was forced to own that, whatever power he might be able to exercise over his soldiers, he could not keep order among the mob of camp-followers. The country behind him as a wilderness, and soon the country before him became equally desolate. For, at the fame of his approach, the colonists burned their furniture, pulled down their houses, and retreated northward. Some of them attempted to make a stand at Dromore, but were broken

and scattered. Then the flight became wild and tumultuous. The fugitives broke down the bridges and burned the ferry-boats. Whole towns, the seats of the Protestant population, were left in ruin without one inhabitant. The people of Omagh destroyed their own dwellings so utterly that no roof was left to shelter the enemy from the rain and wind. The people of Cavan migrated in one body to Enniskillen. The day was wet and stormy. The road was deep in mire. It was a piteous sight to see, mingled with the armed men, the women and children weeping, famished, and toiling through the mud up to their knees. All Lisburn fled to Antrim, and, as the foes drew nearer, all Lisburn and Antrim together came pouring into Londonderry. Thirty thousand Protestants, of both sexes and of every age, were crowded behind the bulwarks of the City of Refuge. There, at length, on the verge of the ocean, hunted to the last asylum, and baited into a mood in which men may be destroyed, but will not easily be subjugated, the imperial race turned desperately to bay —

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY 368, 140.

I HAVE said that I must pass over Rio without a description, but just now such a flood of

scented reminiscences steals over me, that I must needs yield and recant, as I inhale that musky air.

More than one hundred and fifty miles' circuit of living green hills embosoms a translucent expanse, so gemmed in by sierras of grass, that among the Indian tribes the place was known as 'The Hidden Water' On all sides, in the distance, rise high conical peaks, which at sunrise burn like vast tapers, and down from the interior, through vineyards and forests, flow radiating streams, all emptying into the harbour.

Talk not of Bahia de Todos os Santos—the Bay of All Saints, for though that be a glorious haven, yet Rio is the Bay of all Rivers—the Bay of all Delights—the Bay of all Beauties. From circumjacent hill-sides, untiring summer hangs perpetually in terraces of vivid verdure, and, embossed with old mosses, convent and castle nestle in valley and glen

All round, deep inlets run into the green mountain land, and, overhung with wild Highlands, more resemble Loch Katrines than Lake Lemans And though Loch Katrine has been sung by the bonneted Scott, and Lake Lemans by the coroneted Byron, yet here, in Rio, both the loch and the lake are not two wild flowers in a prospect that is almost unlimited For, behold!

far away and away, stretches the broad blue of the water, to yonder soft-swelling hills of light green, backed by the purple pinnacles and pipes of the Grand Organ Mountains, fitly so called, for in thunder-time they roll cannonades down the bay, drowning the blended bass of all the cathedrals in Rio. Shout amain, exalt your voices, stamp your feet, jubilate, Organ Mountains! and roll your Te Deums round the world.

What though, for more than five thousand five hundred years, this grand harbour of Rio lay hid in the hills, unknown by the Catholic Portuguese? Centuries before Haydn performed before emperors and kings, these Organ Mountains played his Oratorio of the Creation, before the Creator himself. But nervous Haydn could not have endured that cannonading choir, since this composer of thunderbolts himself died at last through the crashing commotion of Napoleon's bombardment of Vienna.

But all mountains are Organ Mountains: the Alps and the Himmelahs, the Appalachian Chain, the Ural, the Andes, the Green Hills and the White. All of them play anthems for ever. The Messiah, and Samson, and Israel in Egypt, and Saul, and Judas Maccabeus, and Solomon.

Archipelago Rio! ere Noah on old Ararat

anchored his ark, there lay anchored in you all these green rocky isles I now see But God did not build on you, isles! those long lines of batteries, nor did our blessed Saviour stand godfather at the christening of yon frowning fortress of Santa Cruz, though named in honour of himself, the divine Prince of Peace!

Amphitheatrical Rio! in your vast expanse might be held the Resurrection and Judgement Day of the whole world's men-of-war, represented by the flag-ships of fleets—the flag-ships of the Phœnician armed galleys of Tyre and Sidon, of King Solomon's annual squadrons that sailed to Ophir, whence in after times, perhaps, sailed the Acapulco fleets of the Spaniards, with golden ingots for ballasting, the flag-ships of all the Greek and Persian craft that exchanged the war-hug at Salamis, of all the Roman and Egyptian galleys that, eagle-like, with blood-dripping brows, beaked each other at Actium, of all the Danish keels of the Vikings, of all the mosquito craft of Abba Thule, king of the Pelews, when he went to vanquish Artingall, of all the Venetian, Genoese, and Papal fleets that came to the shock at Lepanto, of both horns of the crescent of the Spanish Armada, of the Portuguese squadron that, under the gallant

Gama, chastized the Moors, and discovered the Moluccas, of all the Dutch navies led by Van Tromp, and sunk by Admiral Hawke, of the forty-seven French and Spanish sail-of-the-line that, for three months, essayed to batter down Gibraltar, of all Nelson's seventy-fours that thunder-bolted off St Vincent's, at the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, of all the frigate-merchantmen of the East India Company; of Perry's war-brigs, sloops, and schooners that scattered the British armament on Lake Erie; of all the Barbary corsairs captured by Bainbridge, of the war-canoes of the Polynesian kings, Tammammamaha and Pomare—aye! one and all, with Commodore Noah for their Lord High Admiral—in this abounding Bay of Rio these flag-ships might all come to anchor, and swing round in concert to the first of the flood
—HERMAN MELVILLE 253, 198

DIVIDING the world of man into its three most obvious distinctions, we have the Pure Intellect, Taste, and the Moral Sense I place Taste in the middle, because it is just this position in the mind which it occupies It holds intimate relations with either extreme, but from the Moral Sense is separated by so faint a difference that Aristotle

has not hesitated to place some of its operations among the virtues themselves. Nevertheless, we find the *offices* of the trio marked with a sufficient distinction. Just as the Intellect concerns itself with Truth, so Taste informs us of the Beautiful while the Moral Sense is regardful of Duty. Of this latter, while Conscience teaches the obligation, and Reason the expediency, Taste contents herself with displaying the charms—waging war upon Vice solely on the ground of her deformity—her disproportion, her animosity to the fitting, to the appropriate, to the harmonious—in a word, to Beauty.

An immortal instinct, deep within the spirit of man, is thus, plainly, a sense of the Beautiful. This it is which administers to his delight in the manifold forms, and sounds, and odors, and sentiments amid which he exists. And just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms, and sounds, and colors, and odors, and sentiments, a duplicate source of delight. But this mere repetition is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm, or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights, and sounds, and odors, and colors, and sentiments,

which greet *him* in common with all mankind—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of Man. It is at once a consequence and an indication of his perennial existence. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the Beauty before us—but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle, by multi-form combinations among the things and thoughts of Time, to attain a portion of that Loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone. And thus when by Poetry—or when by Music, the most entrancing of the Poetic moods—we find ourselves melted into tears—we weep then—not as the Abbate Gravina supposes—through excess of pleasure, but through a certain petulant, impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp *now*, wholly, here on earth, at once and forever, those divine and rapturous joys, of which *through* the poem, or *through* the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses —EDGAR ALLAN POE 354, 8.

MRS JENNINGS was a widow, with an ample jointure. She had only two daughters, both of whom she had lived to see respectably married, and she had now therefore nothing to do but to marry all the rest of the world. In the promotion of this object she was zealously active, as far as her ability reached, and missed no opportunity of projecting weddings among all the young people of her acquaintance. She was remarkably quick in the discovery of attachments, and had enjoyed the advantage of raising the blushes and the vanity of many a young lady by insinuations of her power over such a young man, and this kind of discernment enabled her soon after her arrival at Barton decisively to pronounce that Colonel Brandon was very much in love with Marianne Dashwood. She rather suspected it to be so, on the very first evening of their being together, from his listening so attentively while she sang to them, and when the visit was returned by the Middletons dining at the cottage, the fact was ascertained by his listening to her again. It must be so. She was perfectly convinced of it. It would be an excellent match, for *he* was rich and *she* was handsome. Mrs Jennings had been anxious to see Colonel Brandon well married, ever since her

connection with Sir John first brought him to her knowledge, and she was always anxious to get a good husband for every pretty girl

The immediate advantage to herself was by no means inconsiderable, for it supplied her with endless jokes against them both. At the park she laughed at the colonel, and in the cottage at Marianne. To the former her raillery was probably, as far as it regarded only himself, perfectly indifferent, but to the latter it was at first incomprehensible, and when its object was understood, she hardly knew whether most to laugh at its absurdity, or censure its impertinence, for she considered it as an unfeeling reflection on the colonel's advanced years, and on his forlorn condition as an old bachelor.

Mrs Dashwood, who could not think a man five years younger than herself, so exceedingly ancient as he appeared to the youthful fancy of her daughter, ventured to clear Mrs Jennings from the probability of wishing to throw ridicule on his age.

'But at least, mama, you cannot deny the absurdity of the accusation, though you may not think it intentionally ill-natured. Colonel Brandon is certainly younger than Mrs Jennings, but he is old enough to be *my* father; and

if he were ever animated enough to be in love, must have long outlived every sensation of the kind It is too ridiculous! When is a man to be safe from such wit, if age and infirmity will not protect him?

‘Infirmity!’ said Elinor, ‘do you call Colonel Brandon infirm? I can easily suppose that his age may appear much greater to you than to my mother, but you can hardly deceive yourself as to his having the use of his limbs!’

‘Did you not hear him complain of the rheumatism?’ and is not that the commonest infirmity of declining life?’

‘My dearest child,’ said her mother laughing, ‘at this rate you must be in continual terror of *my* decay, and it must seem to you a miracle that my life has been extended to the advanced age of forty’

‘Mama, you are not doing me justice I know very well that Colonel Brandon is not old enough to make his friends yet apprehensive of losing him in the course of nature He may live twenty years longer But thirty-five has nothing to do with matrimony’

‘Perhaps,’ said Elinor, ‘thirty-five and seventeen had better not have anything to do with matrimony together But if there should by any

chance happen to be a woman who is single at seven and twenty, I should not think Colonel Brandon's being thirty-five any objection to his marrying *her* '

'A woman of seven and twenty,' said Marianne, after pausing a moment, 'can never hope to feel or inspire affection again, and if her home be uncomfortable, or her fortune small, I can suppose that she might bring herself to submit to the offices of a nurse, for the sake of the provision and security of a wife. In his marrying such a woman therefore there would be nothing unsuitable. It would be a compact of convenience, and the world would be satisfied. In my eyes it would be no marriage at all, but that would be nothing. To me it would seem only a commercial exchange, in which each wished to be benefited at the expense of the other'—JANE AUSTEN. 389, 33.

Balade

Hyd, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere,
 Ester, ley thou thy meknesse al a-doun,
 Hyd, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere;
 Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,
 Mak of your wyfhod no comparisoun;

Hyde ye your beautes, Isoude and Eleyne,
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne.

Thy faire body, lat hit nat appere,
Lavyne, and thou, Lucesse of Rome toun,
And Polixene, that boghten love so dere,
And Cleopatre, with al thy passioun,
Hyde ye your trouthe of love and your renoun,
And thou, Tisbe, that hast of love swich peyne,
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne.

Herro, Dido, Laudomia, alle y-fere,
And Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,
And Canace, espyed by thy chere,
Ysiphile, betraysed with Jasoun,
Maketh of your trouthe neyther boost ne soun,
Nor Ypermistre or Ariadne, ye tweyne,
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER 56, 326

You may expect some account of this country [Holland], and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking, yet shall I endeavour to satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprised me more than the books every day published, descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man who takes it into his

head to publish his travels, visits the countries he intends to describe, passes through them with as much inattention as his *valet de chambre*, and consequently not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him, and gives us the manners of a country, not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before. The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times, he in everything imitates a Frenchman but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better-bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature. Upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat laced with black ribbon. no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches, so that his hips reach almost up to his armpits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite? Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace: for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

A Dutch lady burns nothing about her

phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco You must know, Sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats, and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition.

The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty, but must say, that of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable Their pleasures here are very dull, though very various You may smoke, you may doze, you may go to the Italian comedy, as good an amusement as

either of the former This entertainment always brings in Harlequin, who is generally a magician, and in consequence of his diabolical art performs a thousand tricks on the rest of the persons of the drama, who are all fools I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humour, when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking 'Twas not his face they laughed at, for that was masked. They must have seen something vastly queer in the wooden sword, that neither I, nor you, Sir, were you there, could see

In winter, when their canals are frozen, every house is forsaken, and all people are on the ice, sleds, drawn by horses, and skating, are at that time the reigning amusements They have boats here that slide on the ice, and are driven by the winds When they spread all their sails, they go more than a mile and a half a minute, and their motion is so rapid the eye can scarcely accompany them Their ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap, and very convenient they sail in covered boats drawn by horses, and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards Any man who likes company may have them to his taste For my part

I generally detached myself from all society, and was wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty, wherever I turn my eye, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottos, vistas, presented themselves, but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here, every one is usefully employed.

Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There hills and rocks intercept every prospect, here 't is all a continued plain. There you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close, and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung, but I never see a Dutchman in his own house, but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox — OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 192, 205.

DREAMS are notable means of discovering our own inclinations. The wise man learns to know himself as well by the night's black mantle, as the searching beams of day. In sleep, we have the naked and natural thoughts of our souls outward objects interpose not, either to shuffle in occasional cogitations, or hale out the included fancy. The mind is then shut up in the

Borough of the body, none of the *Cinque Ports* of the *Isle of Man*, are then open, to in-let any strange disturbers Surely, how we fall to vice, or rise to virtue, we may by observation find in our dreams It was the wise Zeno, that said, he could collect a man by his dreams For then the soul stated in a deep repose, bewrayed her true affections. which, in the busy day, she would either not shew, or not note It was a custom among the *Indians*, when their kings went to their sleep, to pray with piping acclamations, that they might have happy dreams, and withal consult well for their subjects' benefit as if the night had been a time, wherein they might grow good, and wise And certainly, the wise man is the wiser for his sleeping, if he can order well in the day, what the eyeless night presenteth him. Every dream is not to be counted of not yet are all to be cast away with contempt I would neither be a *Stoic*, superstitious in all, nor yet an *Epicure*, considerate of none If the *Physician* may by them judge of the disease of the body, I see not but the *Divine* may do so, concerning the soul I doubt not but the genius of the soul is waking, and motive even in the fastest closures of the imprisoning eyelids But to presage from these thoughts of sleep, is a wisdom that I would

not reach to The best use we can make of
 dreams, is observation and by that, our own
 correction, or encouragement For 'tis not
 doubtable, but that the mind is working, in
 the dullest depth of sleep —OWEN FELTHAM
 172, 13.

Grongar Hill

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
 Who, the purple evening, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man;
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings,
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale,
 Come with all thy various hues,
 Come, and aid thy sister muse,
 Now, while Phoebus riding high
 Gives lustre to the land and sky!
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong,
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells
 Sweetly-musing quiet dwells,
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made,
 So oft, I have the evening still,

At the fountain of a rill,
 Sate upon a flowery bed,
 With my hand beneath my head,
 And strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 'Till contemplation had her fill.
 About his checquered sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day
 Wide and wider spreads the vale,
 As circles on a smooth canal.
 The mountains round, unhappy fate,
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise -
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads,
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill
 Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landskip lies below!
 No clouds, no vapours intervene,
 But the gay, the open scene
 Does the face of nature show,
 In all the hues of heaven's bow,

And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me, trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below,
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,

And with her arms from falling keeps.—
 So both a safety from the wind
 On mutual dependence find

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad,
 And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,
 Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
 Yet time has seen that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state,
 But transient is the smile of fate!
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have,
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
 Sometimes swift, and sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life, to endless sleep!
 Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wandering thought;

Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low,
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Aethiop's arm

See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem,
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass,
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren and brown, and rough appear.
Still we tread tired the same coarse way,

The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see,
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tamed, my wishes laid,
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul:
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care
 Now, even now, my joy runs high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lie,
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings,
 While the waters murmur deep,
 While the shepherd charms his sheep;
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky.
 Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will,
 Search for peace, with all your skill
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor,
 In vain ye search, she is not there,
 In vain ye search the domes of care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads, and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure, close allied,

Ever by each other's side
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill

JOHN DYER. 310, 199.

VERY few persons will like *Kehama*, everybody will wonder at it, it will increase my reputation without increasing my popularity a general remark will be, what a pity that I have wasted so much power I care little about this, having in the main pleased myself, and all along amused myself, every generation will afford me some half-dozen admirers of it, and the everlasting column of Dante's fame does not stand upon a wider base —ROBERT SOUTHEY 169, 174.

To promote a woman to beare rule, superioritie, dominion or empire aboue any realme, nation, or citie, is repugnant to nature, contumelie to God, a thing most contrarious to his reueled will and approued ordinance, and finallie it is the subuersion of good order, of all equitie and iustice

And first, where that I affirme the empire of a woman to be a thing repugnant to nature, I meane not onlie that God by the order of his creation hath spoiled woman of authoritie and

dominion, but also that man hath seen, proued and pronounced iust causes why that it so shuld be Man, I say, in many other cases blind, doth in this behalfe see verie clearlie For the causes be so manifest, that they can not be hid For who can denie but it repugneth to nature, that the blind shal be appointed to leade and conduct such as do see? That the weake, the sicke, and impotent persones shall norishe and kepe the hole and strong, and finallie, that the foolishhe, madde and phrenetike shal gouerne the discrete, and giue counsel to such as be sober of mind? And such be al women, compared vnto man in bearing of authoritie For their sight in ciuile regiment, is but blindnes their strength, weaknes their counsel, foolishnes and iudgement, phrensie, if it be rightlie considered —JOHN KNOX 304, 30

How laudable it is for a prince to keep good faith and live with integrity, and not with astuteness, every one knows Still the experience of our times shows those princes to have done great things who have had little regard for good faith, and have been able by astuteness to confuse men's brains, and who have ultimately overcome those who have made loyalty their foundation.

You must know, then, that there are two methods of fighting, the one by law, the other by force the first method is that of men, the second of beasts, but as the first method is often insufficient, one must have recourse to the second It is therefore necessary to know well how to use both the beast and the man This was covertly taught to princes by ancient writers, who relate how Achilles and many other of those princes were given to Chiron the centaur to be brought up, who kept them under his discipline, this system of having for teacher one who was half beast and half man is meant to indicate that a prince must know how to use both natures, and that the one without the other is not durable A prince being thus obliged to know well how to act as a beast must imitate the fox and the lion, for the lion cannot protect himself from snares, and the fox cannot defend himself from wolves One must therefore be a fox to recognize snares, and a lion to frighten wolves Those that wish to be only lions do not understand this Therefore, a prudent ruler ought not to keep faith when by so doing it would be against his interest, and when the reasons which made him bind himself no longer exist If men were all good, this precept would not be a good one, but

as they are bad, and would not observe their faith with you, so you are not bound to keep faith with them. Nor are legitimate grounds ever wanting to a prince to give colour to the non-fulfilment of his promise. Of this one could furnish an infinite number of modern examples, and show how many times peace has been broken, and how many promises rendered worthless, by the faithlessness of princes, and those that have been best able to imitate the fox have succeeded best. But it is necessary to be able to disguise this character well, and to be a great feigner and dissembler, and men are so simple and so ready to obey present necessities, that one who deceives will always find those who allow themselves to be deceived. I will only mention one modern instance. Alexander VI did nothing else but deceive men, he thought of nothing else, and found the way to do it, no man was ever more able to give assurances, or affirmed things with stronger oaths, and no man observed them less, however, he always succeeded in his deceptions, as he knew well this side of the world. It is not, therefore, necessary for a prince to have all the above-named qualities, but it is very necessary to seem to have them. I would even be bold to say that to possess them and to always

observe them is dangerous, but to appear to possess them is useful. Thus it is well to seem pious, faithful, humane, religious, sincere, and also to be so, but you must have the mind so watchful that when it is needful to be otherwise you may be able to change to the opposite qualities. And it must be understood that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot observe all those things which are considered good in men, being often obliged, in order to maintain the state, to act against faith, against charity, against humanity, and against religion. And, therefore, he must have a mind disposed to adapt itself according to the wind, and as the variations of fortune dictate, and, as I said before, not deviate from what is good, if possible, but be able to do evil if necessitated. A prince must take great care that nothing goes out of his mouth which is not full of the above-named qualities, and, to see and hear him, he should seem to be all faith, all integrity, all humanity, and all religion. And nothing is more necessary than to seem to have this last quality, for men in general judge more by the eyes than by the hands, for every one can see, but very few have to feel. Everybody sees what you appear to be, few feel what you are, and those few will not

dare to oppose themselves to the many, who have the majesty of the state to defend them, and in the actions of men, and especially of princes, from which there is no appeal, the end is everything —NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI 43, 69.

OF all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recall to the imagination at once his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very uncouthness of his gestures, and the deep impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only what he said, but how he said it, and have at the same time a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate. It was said of a noted wag that his *bons-mots* did not give full satisfaction when published because he could not print his face. But with respect to Dr. Johnson this has been in some degree accomplished, and although the greater part of the present generation never saw him, yet he is, in our mind's eye, a personification

as lively as that of Siddons in *Lady Macbeth* or
 Kemble in *Cardinal Wolsey* —SIR WALTER SCOTT.
 94, 155

Skipper Ireson's Ride

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
 Witch astride of a human back,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
 The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's out from Marblehead!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
 Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:

'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
 Bacchus round some antique vase,
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns'
 twang,

Over and over the Mænads sang
 'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead'

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
 From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
 With his own town's-people on her deck!
 'Lay by! lay by!' they called to him
 Back he answered, 'Sink or swim!
 Brag of your catch of fish again!
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead'

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
 That wreck shall lie for evermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,

Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might not be!
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives grey,
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain
 'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue
 Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,

Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting, far and near
 'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead !'

'Hear me, neighbours !' at last he cried,—
 'What to me is this noisy ride ?
 What is the shame that clothes the skin
 To the nameless horror that lives within ?
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck !
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the dead !'
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
 Said, 'God has touched him ! why should we ?'
 Said an old wife mourning her only son,
 'Cut the rogue's tether and let him run !'
 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
 And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER 188, 43.

How shall I speak of my dear old friend Charles Lever, and his rattling, jolly, joyous, swearing Irishmen. Surely never did a sense of vitality come so constantly from a man's pen, nor from a man's voice, as from his! I knew him well for many years, and whether in sickness or in health, I have never come across him without finding him to be running over with wit and fun. Of all the men I have encountered, he was the surest fund of drollery. I have known many witty men, many who could say good things, many who would sometimes be ready to say them when wanted, though they would sometimes fail,—but he never failed. Rouse him in the middle of the night, and wit would come from him before he was half awake. And yet he never monopolised the talk, was never a bore. He would take no more than his own share of the words spoken, and would yet seem to brighten all that was said during the night. His earlier novels—the later I have not read—are just like his conversation. The fun never flags, and to

me, when I read them, they were never tedious. As to character he can hardly be said to have produced it. Corney Delaney, the old manservant, may perhaps be named as an exception.

Lever's novels will not live long,—even if they may be said to be alive now,—because it is so. What was his manner of working I do not know, but I should think it must have been very quick, and that he never troubled himself on the subject, except when he was seated with a pen in his hand—ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 239,
229

March 4th We entered the harbour of Concepcion. While the ship was beating up to the anchorage, I landed on the island of Quiriquina. The mayor-domo of the estate quickly rode down to tell me the terrible news of the great earthquake of the 20th. 'That not a house in Concepcion or Talcahuano (the port) was standing, that seventy villages were destroyed, and that a great wave had almost washed away the ruins of Talcahuano' Of this latter statement I soon saw abundant proofs—the whole coast being strewed over with timber and furniture as if a thousand ships had been wrecked. Besides chairs, tables, book-shelves, etc, in great

numbers, there were several roofs of cottages, which had been transported almost whole. The storehouses at Talcahuano had been burst open, and great bags of cotton, yerba, and other valuable merchandise were scattered on the shore. During my walk round the island, I observed that numerous fragments of rock, which, from the marine productions adhering to them, must recently have been lying in deep water, had been cast up high on the beach, one of these was six feet long, three broad, and two thick.

The island itself as plainly showed the overwhelming power of the earthquake, as the beach did that of the consequent great wave. The ground in many parts was fissured in north and south lines, perhaps caused by the yielding of the parallel and steep sides of this narrow island. Some of the fissures near the cliffs were a yard wide. Many enormous masses had already fallen on the beach, and the inhabitants thought that when the rains commenced far greater slips would happen. The effect of the vibration on the hard primary slate, which composes the foundation of the island, was still more curious, the superficial parts of some narrow ridges were as completely shivered as if they had been blasted.

by gunpowder. This effect, which was rendered conspicuous by the fresh fractures and displaced soil, must be confined to near the surface, for otherwise there would not exist a block of solid rock throughout Chile, nor is this improbable, as it is known that the surface of a vibrating body is affected differently from the central part. It is, perhaps, owing to this same reason, that earthquakes do not cause quite such terrific havoc within deep mines as would be expected. I believe this convulsion has been more effectual in lessening the size of the island of Quiriquina, than the ordinary wear-and-tear of the sea and weather during the course of a whole century.

The next day I landed at Talcahuano, and afterwards rode to Concepcion. Both towns presented the most awful but interesting spectacle I ever beheld. To a person who had formerly known them, it possibly might have been still more impressive, for the ruins were so mingled together, and the whole scene possessed so little the air of a habitable place, that it was scarcely possible to imagine its former condition. The earthquake commenced at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. If it had happened in the middle of the night, the greater number of the inhabitants (which in this one province

amount to many thousands) must have perished, instead of less than a hundred, as it was, the invariable practice of running out of doors at the first trembling of the ground, alone saved them. In Concepcion each house, or row of houses, stood by itself, a heap or line of ruins, but in Talcahuano, owing to the great wave, little more than one layer of bricks, tiles, and timber, with here and there part of a wall left standing, could be distinguished. From this circumstance Concepcion, although not so completely desolated, was a more terrible, and, if I may so call it, picturesque sight. The first shock was very sudden. The mayor-domo at Quiriquina told me, that the first notice he received of it, was finding both the horse he rode and himself, rolling together on the ground. Rising up, he was again thrown down. He also told me that some cows which were standing on the steep side of the island were rolled into the sea. The great wave caused the destruction of many cattle, on one low island, near the head of the bay, seventy animals were washed off and drowned. It is generally thought that this has been the worst earthquake ever recorded in Chile, but as the very severe ones occur only after long intervals, this cannot easily be known, nor indeed

would a much worse shock have made any great difference, for the ruin was now complete. Innumerable small tremblings followed the great earthquake, and within the first twelve days no less than three hundred were counted.

After viewing Concepcion, I cannot understand how the greater number of inhabitants escaped unhurt. The houses in many parts fell outwards, thus forming in the middle of the streets little hillocks of brickwork and rubbish. Mr Rouse, the English consul, told us he was at breakfast, when the first movement warned him to run out. He had scarcely reached the middle of the courtyard, when one side of his house came thundering down. He retained presence of mind to remember, that if he once got on the top of that part which had already fallen, he would be safe. Not being able from the motion of the ground to stand, he crawled up on his hands and knees, and no sooner had he ascended this little eminence, than the other side of the house fell in, the great beams sweeping close in front of his head. With his eyes blinded, and his mouth choked with the cloud of dust which darkened the sky, at last he gained the street. As shock succeeded shock, at the interval of a few minutes, no one dared approach the shattered ruins, and

no one knew whether his dearest friends and relations were not perishing from the want of help. Those who had saved any property were obliged to keep a constant watch, for thieves prowled about, and at each little trembling of the ground, with one hand they beat their breasts and cried 'misericordia!', and then with the other filched what they could from the ruins. The thatched roofs fell over the fires, and flames burst forth in all parts. Hundreds knew themselves ruined, and few had the means of providing food for the day.

Earthquakes alone are sufficient to destroy the prosperity of any country. If beneath England the now inert subterranean forces should exert those powers, which most assuredly in former geological ages they have exerted, how completely would the entire condition of the country be changed! What would become of the lofty houses, thickly packed cities, great manufactories, the beautiful public and private edifices? If the new period of disturbance were first to commence by some great earthquake in the dead of the night, how terrific would be the carnage! England would at once be bankrupt, all papers, records, and accounts would from that moment be lost. Government being unable to collect

the taxes, and failing to maintain its authority, the hand of violence and rapine would remain uncontrolled. In every large town famine would go forth, pestilence and death following in its train.

Shortly after the shock, a great wave was seen from the distance of three or four miles, approaching in the middle of the bay with a smooth outline, but along the shore it tore up cottages and trees, as it swept onwards with irresistible force. At the head of the bay it broke in a fearful line of white breakers, which rushed up to a height of twenty-three vertical feet above the highest spring-tides. Their force must have been prodigious, for at the Fort a cannon with its carriage, estimated at four tons in weight, was moved fifteen feet inwards. A schooner was left in the midst of the ruins, 200 yards from the beach. The first wave was followed by two others, which in their retreat carried away a vast wreck of floating objects. In one part of the bay, a ship was pitched high and dry on shore, was carried off, again driven on shore, and again carried off. In another part, two large vessels anchored near together were whirled about, and their cables were thrice wound round each other though anchored at a depth of thirty-six

feet, they were for some minutes aground. The great wave must have travelled slowly, for the inhabitants of Talcahuano had time to run up the hills behind the town, and some sailors pulled out seaward, trusting successfully to their boat riding securely over the swell, if they could reach it before it broke. One old woman with a little boy, four or five years old, ran into a boat, but there was nobody to row it out, the boat was consequently dashed against an anchor and cut in twain, the old woman was drowned, but the child was picked up some hours afterwards clinging to the wreck. Pools of salt-water were still standing amidst the ruins of the houses, and children, making boats with old tables and chairs, appeared as happy as their parents were miserable. It was, however, exceedingly interesting to observe, how much more active and cheerful all appeared than could have been expected. It was remarked with much truth, that from the destruction being universal, no one individual was humbled more than another, or could suspect his friends of coldness—that most grievous result of the loss of wealth. Mr Rouse, and a large party whom he kindly took under his protection, lived for the first week in a garden beneath some apple-trees. At first they were as

merry as if it had been a picnic, but soon afterwards heavy rain caused much discomfort, for they were absolutely without shelter.

In Captain FitzRoy's excellent account of the earthquake, it is said that two explosions, one like a column of smoke and another like the blowing of a great whale, were seen in the bay. The water also appeared everywhere to be boiling, and it 'became black, and exhaled a most disagreeable sulphureous smell' These latter circumstances were observed in the Bay of Valparaiso during the earthquake of 1822, they may, I think, be accounted for, by the disturbance of the mud at the bottom of the sea containing organic matter in decay. In the Bay of Callao, during a calm day, I noticed, that as the ship dragged her cable over the bottom, its course was marked by a line of bubbles. The lower orders in Talcahuano thought that the earthquake was caused by some old Indian women, who two years ago being offended stopped the volcano of Antuco. This silly belief is curious, because it shows that experience has taught them to observe, that there exists a relation between the suppressed action of the volcanoes, and the trembling of the ground. It was necessary to apply the witchcraft to the point

where their perception of cause and effect failed, and this was the closing of the volcanic vent. This belief is the more singular in this particular instance, because, according to Captain Fitz-Roy, there is reason to believe that Antuco was noways affected —CHARLES DARWIN 360, 310.

Auguries of Innocence

To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage
A dove-house fill'd with doves and pigeons
Shudders Hell thro' all its regions
A dog starv'd at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State
A horse misus'd upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain does tear
A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing
The game-cock clipt and arm'd for fight
Does the rising sun affright

Every wolf's and lion's howl
 Raises from Hell a Human soul.
 The wild deer, wandering here and there,
 Keeps the Human soul from care.
 The lamb misus'd breeds public strife,
 And yet forgives the butcher's knife
 He who shall hurt the little wren
 Shall never be belov'd by men
 He who the ox to wrath has mov'd
 Shall never be by woman lov'd
 The wanton boy that kills the fly
 Shall feel the spider's enmity
 He who torments the chafer's sprite
 Weaves a bower in endless night
 The caterpillar on the leaf
 Repeats to thee thy mother's grief
 Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
 For the Last Judgement draweth nigh.
 He who shall train the horse to war
 Shall never pass the polar bar
 The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
 Feed them, and thou wilt grow fat

 The bat that flits at close of eve
 Has left the brain that won't believe.
 The owl that calls upon the night
 Speaks the unbeliever's fright

The gnat that sings his summer's song
 Poison gets from Slander's tongue
 The poison of the snake and newt
 Is the sweat of Envy's foot
 The poison of the honey-bee
 Is the artist's jealousy
 A truth that's told with bad intent
 Beats all the lies you can invent

Joy and woe are woven fine,
 A clothing for the soul divine,
 Under every grief and pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine
 It is right it should be so,
 Man was made for joy and woe;
 And when this we rightly know,
 Thro' the world we safely go.

The babe is more than swaddling-bands,
 Throughout all these human lands
 Tools were made, and born were hands,
 Every farmer understands.
 Every tear from every eye
 Becomes a babe in Eternity,
 This is caught by Females bright,
 And return'd to its own delight
 The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar
 Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore

The babe that weeps the rod beneath
 Writes revenge in realms of death
 He who mocks the infant's faith
 Shall be mock'd in Age and Death
 He who shall teach the child to doubt
 The rotting grave shall ne'er get out.
 He who respects the infant's faith
 Triumphs over Hell and Death
 The child's toys and the old man's reasons
 Are the fruits of the two seasons.
 The questioner, who sits so sly,
 Shall never know how to reply
 He who replies to words of Doubt
 Doth put the light of knowledge out
 A riddle, or the cricket's cry,
 Is to Doubt a fit reply
 The emmet's inch and eagle's mile
 Make lame Philosophy to smile
 He who doubts from what he sees
 Will ne'er believe, do what you please.
 If the sun and moon should doubt,
 They'd immediately go out.

The prince's robes and beggar's rags
 Are toadstools on the miser's bags
 The beggar's rags, fluttering in air,
 Does to rags the heavens tear.

The poor man's farthing is worth more
 Than all the gold on Afric's shore
 One mite wrung from the labourer's hands
 Shall buy and sell the miser's lands,
 Or, if protected from on high,
 Does that whole nation sell and buy.
 The soldier, arm'd with sword and gun,
 Palsied strikes the summer's sun
 The strongest poison ever known
 Came from Caesar's laurel crown
 Nought can deform the human race
 Like to the armour's iron brace
 When gold and gems adorn the plough
 To peaceful arts shall Envy bow
 To be in a passion you good may do,
 But no good if a passion is in you
 The whore and gambler, by the State
 Licensed, build that nation's fate
 The harlot's cry from street to street
 Shall weave Old England's winding-sheet.
 The winner's shout, the loser's curse,
 Dance before dead England's hearse.

Every night and every morn
 Some to misery are born
 Every morn and every night
 Some are born to sweet delight.

Some are born to sweet delight,
 Some are born to endless night.
 We are led to believe a lie
 When we see not thro' the eye,
 Which was born in a night, to perish in a night,
 When the Soul slept in beams of light
 God appears, and God is Light,
 To those poor souls who dwell in Night;
 But does a Human Form display
 To those who dwell in realms of Day

WILLIAM BLAKE 324, 107

IN this time of Mr *Herberts* attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from *Cambridge*, to Court, God, in whom there is an unseen Chain of Causes, did in a short time put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, *Lodowick Duke of Richmond*, and *James Marquess of Hamilton*, and not long after him, King *James* died also, and with them, all Mr *Herbert's* Court-hopes So that he presently betook himself to a Retreat from *London*, to a Friend in *Kent*, where he liv'd very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, as was judg'd to impair his health, more then his Study had done

In this time of Retirement, he had many conflicts with himself, Whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court-life, or betake himself to a study of Divinity, and enter into Sacred Orders² (to which his dear Mother had often persuaded him) These were such Conflicts, as they only can know, that have endur'd them, for ambitious Desires, and the outward Glory of this World, are not easily laid aside, but, at last, God inclin'd him to put on a resolution to serve at his Altar

He did at his return to *London*, acquaint a Court-friend with his resolution to enter into *Sacred Orders*, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind To whom he replied, 'It hath been formerly judg'd that the Domestick 'Servants of the King of Heaven, should be of 'the noblest Families on Earth and, though the 'Iniquity of the late Times have made Clergy-men meanly valued, and the sacred name of '*Priest* contemptible, yet I will labour to make 'it honourable, by consecrating all my learning, 'and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory 'of that God that gave them, knowing, that I can 'never do too much for him, that hath done so

‘much for me, as to make me a Christian And
 ‘I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making
 ‘Humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by
 ‘following the merciful and meek example of my
 ‘*dear Jesus*’—IZAACK WALTON 303, 276.

Jordan

Who says that fictions onely and false hair
 Become a verse? Is there in truth no beautie?
 Is all good structure in a winding-stair?
 May no lines passe, except they do their dutie
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
 And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spunne
 lines?
 Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
 Must all be vail'd while he that reades divines,
 Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people, let them sing
 Riddle, who list, for me, and pull for prime,
 I envy no man's nightingale or spring,
 Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
 Who plainly say, My God, my King

Shakespeare is in truth, an author whose mimic creation agrees in general so perfectly with that of nature, that it is not only wonderful in the great, but opens another scene of amazement to the discoveries of the microscope We have been charged indeed by a Foreign writer with an overmuch admiring of this *Barbarian* Whether we have admired with knowledge, or have blindly followed those feelings of affection which we could not resist, I cannot tell, but certain it is, that to the labours of his Editors he has not been overmuch obliged They are however for the most part of the first rank in literary fame, but some of them had possessions of their own in Parnassus, of an extent too great and important to allow of a very diligent attention to the interests of others, and among those Critics more professionally so, the ablest and the best has unfortunately looked more to the praise of ingenious than of just conjecture The character of his emendations are not so much that of *right* or *wrong*, as that, being in the extreme, they are always *Warburtonian* Another has since undertaken the custody of our author, whom he seems to consider as a sort of wild Proteus or madman, and accordingly knocks him down with the butt-end of his critical staff,

as often as he exceeds that line of sober discretion, which this learned Editor appears to have chalked out for him Yet is this Editor notwithstanding 'a man take him for all in all,' very highly respectable for his genius and his learning What however may be chiefly complained of in these gentlemen is, that having erected themselves into the condition, as it were, of guardians and trustees of *Shakespeare*, they have never undertaken to discharge the disgraceful incumbrances of some wretched productions, which have long hung heavy on his fame Besides the evidence of taste, which indeed is not communicable, there are yet other and more general proofs that these incumbrances were not incurred by *Shakespeare* The *Latin* sentences dispersed thro' the imputed trash is, I think, of itself a decisive one *Love's Labour lost* contains a very conclusive one of another kind, tho' the very last Editor has, I believe, in his critical sagacity, suppressed the evidence, and withdrawn the record.

Yet whatever may be the neglect of some, or the censure of others, there are those, who firmly believe that this wild, uncultivated Barbarian, has not yet obtained one half of his fame, and who trust that some new Stagyrte will arise,

who instead of pecking at the surface of things will enter into the inward soul of his compositions, and expel by the force of congenial feelings, those foreign impurities which have stained and disgraced his page And as to those *spots* which will still remain, they may perhaps become invisible to those who shall seek them thro' the medium of his beauties, instead of looking for those beauties, as is too frequently done, thro' the smoke of some real or imputed obscurity When the hand of time shall have brushed off his present Editors and Commentators, and when the very name of *Voltaire*, and even the memory of the language in which he has written, shall be no more, the *Apalachian* mountains, the banks of the *Ohio*, and the plains of *Sciota* shall resound with the accents of this Barbarian In his native tongue he shall roll the genuine passions of nature, nor shall the griefs of *Lear* be alleviated, or the charms and wit of *Rosalind* be abated by time There is indeed nothing perishable about him, except that very learning which he is said so much to want He had not, it is true, enough for the demands of the age in which he lived, but he had perhaps too much for the reach of his genius, and the interest of his fame *Milton* and he will carry the decayed

remnants and fripperies of antient mythology into more distant ages than they are by their own force entitled to extend, and the metamorphoses of *Ovid*, upheld by them, lay in a new claim to unmerited immortality

Shakespeare is a name so interesting, that it is excusable to stop a moment, nay it would be indecent to pass him without the tribute of some admiration. He differs essentially from all other writers. Him we may profess rather to feel than to understand, and it is safer to say, on many occasions, that we are possessed by him, than that we possess him. And no wonder,—He scatters the seeds of things, the principles of character and action, with so cunning a hand yet with so careless an air, and, master of our feelings, submits himself so little to our judgment, that every thing seems superior. We discern not his course, we see no connection of cause and effect, we are rapt in ignorant admiration, and claim no kindred with his abilities. All the incidents, all the parts, look like chance, whilst we feel and are sensible that the whole is design. His Characters not only act and speak in strict conformity to nature, but in strict relation to us, just so much is shewn as is requisite, just so much is impressed; he commands every passage

to our heads and to our hearts, and moulds us as he pleases, and that with so much ease, that he never betrays his own exertions We see these Characters act from the mingled motives of passion, reason, interest, habit and complection, in all their proportions, when they are supposed to know it not themselves, and we are made to acknowledge that their actions and sentiments are, from those motives, the necessary result He at once blends and distinguishes every thing;—every thing is complicated, every thing is plain I restrain the further expressions of my admiration lest they should not seem applicable to man, but it is really astonishing that a mere human being, a part of humanity only, should so perfectly comprehend the whole, and that he should possess such exquisite art, that whilst every woman and every child shall feel the whole effect, his learned Editors and Commentators should yet so very frequently mistake or seem ignorant of the cause A sceptre or a straw are in his hands of equal efficacy, he needs no selection, he converts every thing into excellence, nothing is too great, nothing is too base.—MAURICE MORGANN 212, 194.

The Means to Attain a Happy Life

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
 The happy life, be these I find,
 The riches left, not got with pain,
 The fruitfull ground, the quiet minde

The egall frend, no grudge no strife,
 No charge of rule, nor gouernance,
 Without disease the helthfull life,
 The houshold of continuance,

The meane diet, no delicate fare,
 True wisdom 10ynde with simplenesse,
 The night dischargèd of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppresse,

The faithfull wife, without debate;
 Such slepes as may begile the night
 Contented wyth thine owne estate
 Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

HENRY HOWARD 308, 115

THE generality of persons do more willingly
 listen to the world than to God, they sooner
 follow the desires of their own flesh, than God's
 good pleasure

The world promiseth things temporal and

mean, and is served with great eagerness I promise things most high and eternal, and yet the hearts of men remain torpid and insensible

Who is there that in all things serveth and obeyeth Me with so great care as the world and its lords are served withal? 'Be ashamed, O Sidon, saith the sea,' And if thou ask the cause, hear wherefore

For a small income, a long journey is undertaken, for everlasting life, many will scarce once lift a foot from the ground.

The most pitiful reward is sought after, for a single bit of money sometimes there is shameful contention, for a vain matter and slight promise, men fear not to toil day and night

But, alas! for an unchangeable good, for an inestimable reward, for the highest honour, and glory without end, they grudge even the least fatigue.

Be ashamed, therefore, thou slothful and complaining servant, that they are found to be more ready to destruction than thou to life

They rejoice more in vanity than thou dost in the truth

Sometimes, indeed, they are frustrated of their hope, but My promise deceiveth none, nor sendeth him away empty that trusteth in Me.

What I have promised, I will give, what I have said, I will fulfil, if only any man remain faithful in My love even to the end

THOMAS À KEMPIS 49, 79

WE crossed a walk to the other part of the Academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After our salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprung in any other man's head. Everyone knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences, whereas by his contrivance the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge and with a little bodily labour, may write both in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides

whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them, and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils at his command took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and, giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame, and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places, or the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were em-

ployed in this labour, and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio already collected of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences, which, however, might be still improved and much expedited if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth, that he had employed the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion that is in the book between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine, the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon paper I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each

other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honour entire without a rival —
 JONATHAN SWIFT 20, 168.

THE description of persons who have the fewest ideas of all others are mere authors and readers. It is better to be able neither to read nor write than to be able to do nothing else. A loungee who is ordinarily seen with a book in his hand is (we may be almost sure) equally without the power or inclination to attend either to what passes around him or in his own mind. Such a one may be said to carry his understanding about with him in his pocket, or to leave it at home on his library shelves. He is afraid of venturing on any train of reasoning, or of striking out any observation that is not mechanically suggested to him by passing his eyes over certain legible characters, shrinks from the fatigue of thought, which, for want of practice, becomes insupportable to him, and sits down contented with an endless, wearisome succession of words and half-formed images, which fill the void of the mind, and continually efface one another. Learning is, in too many cases, but a foil to

common sense, a substitute for true knowledge. Books are less often made use of as 'spectacles' to look at nature with, than as blinds to keep out its strong light and shifting scenery from weak eyes and indolent dispositions. The book-worm wraps himself up in his web of verbal generalities, and sees only the glimmering shadows of things reflected from the minds of others. Nature *puts him out*. The impressions of real objects, stripped of the disguises of words and voluminous roundabout descriptions are blows that stagger him, and he turns from the bustle, the noise, and glare, and whirling motion of the world about him (which he has not an eye to follow in its fantastic changes, nor an understanding to reduce to fixed principles), to the quiet monotony of the dead languages, and the less startling and more intelligible combinations of the letters of the alphabet. It is well, it is perfectly well. 'Leave me to my repose,' is the motto of the sleeping and the dead. You might as well ask the paralytic to leap from his chair and throw away his crutch, or, without a miracle, to 'take up his bed and walk,' as expect the learned reader to throw down his book and think for himself. He clings to it for his intellectual support, and his dread of being left to

himself is like the horror of a vacuum. He can only breathe a learned atmosphere, as other men breathe common air. He is a borrower of sense. He has no ideas of his own, and must live on those of other people. The habit of supplying our ideas from foreign sources 'enfeebles all internal strength of thought,' as a course of dram-drinking destroys the tone of the stomach. The faculties of the mind, when not exerted, or when cramped by custom and authority, become listless, torpid, and unfit for the purposes of thought or action. Can we wonder at the languor and lassitude which is thus produced by a life of learned sloth and ignorance, by poring over lines and syllables that excite little more idea or interest than if they were the characters of an unknown tongue, till the eye closes on vacancy, and the book drops from the feeble hand? I would rather be a wood-cutter, or the meanest hind, that all day 'sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and at night sleeps in Elysium,' than wear out my life so, 'twixt dreaming and awake. The learned author differs from the learned student in this, that the one transcribes what the other reads. The learned are mere literary drudges. If you set them upon original composition, their heads turn, they don't know

where they are. The indefatigable readers of books are like the everlasting copiers of pictures, who, when they attempt to do anything of their own, find they want an eye quick enough, a hand steady enough, and colours bright enough, to trace the living forms of nature.—WILLIAM HAZLITT. 5, 92

WE are accustomed to laugh at the French for their braggadocio propensities, and intolerable vanity about la France, la gloire, l'Empereur, and the like, and yet I think in my heart that the British Snob, for conceit and self-sufficiency and braggartism in his way, is without a parallel. There is always something uneasy in a Frenchman's conceit. He brags with so much fury, shrieking, and gesticulation; yells out so loudly that the Français is at the head of civilization, the centre of thought, &c., that one can't but see the poor fellow has a lurking doubt in his own mind that he is not the wonder he professes to be.

About the British Snob, on the contrary, there is commonly no noise, no bluster, but the calmness of profound conviction. We are better than all the world, we don't question the opinion at all; it's an axiom. And when a Frenchman bellows out, '*La France, Monsieur, la France est*

à la tête du monde civilisé' we laugh good-naturedly at the frantic poor devil *We* are the first chop of the world we know the fact so well in our secret hearts that a claim set up elsewhere is simply ludicrous My dear brother reader, say, as a man of honour, if you are not of this opinion? Do you think a Frenchman your equal? You don't—you gallant British Snob—you know you don't no more, perhaps, does the Snob your humble servant, brother.

And I am inclined to think it is this conviction, and the consequent bearing of the Englishman towards the foreigner whom he condescends to visit, this confidence of superiority which holds up the head of the owner of every English hat-box from Sicily to St Petersburg, that makes us so magnificently hated throughout Europe as we are, this—more than all our little victories, and of which many Frenchmen and Spaniards have never heard—this amazing and indomitable insular pride, which animates my lord in his travelling-carriage as well as John in the rumble

If you read the old Chronicles of the French wars, you find precisely the same character of the Englishman, and Henry V's people behaved with just the cool domineering manner of our gallant veterans of France and the Peninsula.

Did you never hear Colonel Cutler and Major Slasher talking over the war after dinner? or Captain Boarder describing his action with the 'Indomptable?' 'Hang the fellows,' says Boarder, 'their practice was very good I was beat off three times before I took her' 'Cuss those carabineers of Milhaud's,' says Slasher, 'what work they made of our light cavalry!' implying a sort of surprise that the Frenchman should stand up against Britons at all a good-natured wonder that the blind, mad, vain-glorious, brave poor devils should actually have the courage to resist an Englishman. Legions of such Englishmen are patronizing Europe at this moment, being kind to the Pope, or good-natured to the King of Holland, or condescending to inspect the Prussian reviews When Nicholas came here, who reviews a quarter of a million of pairs of moustaches to his breakfast every morning, we took him off to Windsor and showed him two whole regiments of six or eight hundred Britons a-piece, with an air as much as to say,—'There, my boy, look at *that* Those are *Englishmen*, those are, and your master whenever you please,' as the nursery song says The British Snob is long, long past scepticism, and can afford to laugh quite good-humouredly

at those conceited Yankees, or besotted little Frenchmen, who set up as models of mankind. *They* forsooth!

I have been led into these remarks by listening to an old fellow at the Hôtel du Nord, at Boulogne, and who is evidently of the Slasher sort. He came down and seated himself at the breakfast-table, with a surly scowl on his salmon-coloured bloodshot face, strangling in a tight, cross-barred cravat, his linen and his appointments so perfectly stiff and spotless that everybody at once recognized him as a dear countryman. Only our port-wine and other admirable institutions could have produced a figure so insolent, so stupid, so gentlemanlike. After a while our attention was called to him by his roaring out, in a voice of plethoric fury, 'O!'

Everybody turned round at the 'O,' conceiving the Colonel to be, as his countenance denoted him, in intense pain, but the waiters knew better, and instead of being alarmed, brought the Colonel the kettle. 'O,' it appears, is the French for hot-water. The Colonel (though he despises it heartily) thinks he speaks the language remarkably well. Whilst he was inhaling his smoking tea, which went rolling and gurgling down his throat, and hissing over

the 'hot coppers' of that respectable veteran, a friend joined him, with a wizened face and very black wig, evidently a Colonel too

The two warriors, wagging their old heads at each other, presently joined breakfast, and fell into conversation, and we had the advantage of hearing about the old war, and some pleasant conjectures as to the next, which they considered imminent. They psha'd the French fleet, they pooh-pooh'd the French commercial marine; they showed how, in a war, there would be a cordon ('a cordong, by ——') of steamers along our coast, and 'by ——,' ready at a minute to land anywhere on the other shore, to give the French as good a thrashing as they got in the last war, 'by ——.' In fact, a rumbling cannonade of oaths was fired by the two veterans during the whole of their conversation.

There was a Frenchman in the room, but as he had not been above ten years in London, of course he did not speak the language, and lost the benefit of the conversation. 'But, O my country!' said I to myself, 'it's no wonder that you are so beloved! If I were a Frenchman, how I would hate you!'

That brutal, ignorant, peevish bully of an Englishman is showing himself in every city of

Europe One of the dullest creatures under heaven, he goes trampling Europe under foot, shouldering his way into galleries and cathedrals, and bustling into palaces with his buckram uniform. At church or theatre, gala or picture-gallery, *his* face never varies. A thousand delightful sights pass before his bloodshot eyes, and don't affect him. Countless brilliant scenes of life and manners are shown him, but never move him. He goes to church, and calls the practices there degrading and superstitious as if *his* altar was the only one that was acceptable. He goes to picture-galleries, and is more ignorant about Art than a French shoeblack. Art, Nature pass, and there is no dot of admiration in his stupid eyes. Nothing moves him, except when a very great man comes his way, and then the rigid, proud, self-confident, inflexible British Snob can be as humble as a flunkey and as supple as a harlequin — WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY 50, 100

The Loveliness of Love

It is not Beauty I demand,
 A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
 Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
 Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
 Your lips that seem on roses fed,
 Your breasts, where Cupid trembling lies
 Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed —

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
 Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
 A breath that softer music speaks
 Than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

These are but gauds nay, what are lips?
 Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
 Whose brink when your adventurer sips
 Full oft he perisheth on them

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
 That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
 Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
 Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn,
 Poison can breath, that erst perfumed,
 There's many a white hand holds an urn
 With lovers' hearts to dust consumed

For crystal brows—there's nought within,
 They are but empty cells for pride,
 He who the Syren's hair would win
 Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
 A tender heart, a loyal mind
 Which with temptation I could trust,
 Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
 Could pour my secret heart of woes,
 Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly
 That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter! whose love
 So indefeasible might be
 That, when my spirit won above,
 Hers could not stay, for sympathy

GEORGE DARLEY 133, 74.

To Ranelagh, as to Vauxhall, the pleasantest approach was by water. If you walked, the old guide-books—which seem to assume that everyone started from Charing Cross—are careful to tell you that you must cross St James's Park, go out by Buckingham Gate, and make your way toward Chelsea Hospital, on the left side of which would ultimately become visible the 'large Building of an orbicular Figure, with a Row of Windows round the Attic story,' which, according to a writer in the 'Champion,' 'a Man, of a whimsical Imagination, would not scruple

to call, a Giant's Lantern'—the resemblance, it may be added, being sensibly increased at night by the fact that, for those days, it was very lavishly illuminated within. Arrived at the entrance, known as Ranelagh House, you could either present your ticket or pay your half-crown, and, after purchasing 'a gift for your fair' in the shape of a nosegay or button-hole, pass through the building into the somewhat contracted grounds in front of the central structure. But you might, if you chose, and you probably would, turn to the left, descend a flight of steps, and, entering a matted avenue, repair forthwith to the Rotunda. After a few paces you found yourself in a large circular chamber or amphitheatre, about the size of the Reading Room at the British Museum, the accesses to which were through four equidistant Doric porticoes. Between these porticoes, the sides of the room were filled with alcoves or supper-boxes, slightly raised above the floor, each of which had its table, its decorative humorous painting as at Vauxhall, and its bell candle-lamp. Above this line of alcoves was a gallery containing a second row of boxes, and above these, again, the range of sixty windows you had seen illuminated from without. In front of and blocking one of

the porticoes was a large organ, in front of this again was the Orchestra, twelve boxes from which came the Royal or Prince of Wales's pavilion, surmounted with his crest. Mirrors of course abounded, and from the dome, which was lavishly ornamented with panels and festoons, hung twenty-eight coroneted chandeliers, each having seventeen candles in bell glasses. 'When all these lamps are lighted,' says the enthusiast already quoted, 'it may be imagined that the sight must be very glorious, no words can express its grandeur, and then do the masterly disposition of the architect, the proportion of the parts, and the harmonious distinction of the several pieces, appear to the greatest advantage, the most minute part, by this effulgence, lying open to inspection.' Gas and electricity have somewhat rectified our modern notions of 'effulgence', but there can be little doubt that the symmetry of the structure, coupled with the graceful decorations of Capon, the scene-painter, must have produced an imposing effect. Johnson, it is known, declared the '*coup d'oeil*' was the finest thing he had ever seen.' Nor was this one of those occasions when the good Doctor talked laxly, for he said elsewhere: 'When I first entered Ranelagh, it gave an expansion and

gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else' According to Dr. Maxwell, he went there frequently, for he regarded it as 'a place of innocent recreation'—a sentiment which, on the whole, does more credit to his simplicity than his judgment, since the author of 'Sir Charles Grandison' openly speaks of it as a marriage market, and even that unsophisticated philosopher, Mr Moses Primrose, does not scruple to compare it with the notorious Fair of Fontarabia

Ranelagh was first opened in 1742, being nearly thirty years younger than its rival Vauxhall, which, as a pleasure garden, went back to 'Sir Roger' and Addison Its name came from its site, a part of the house and lands of a past Earl of Ranelagh, whose estate adjoined to Chelsea Hospital When, in 1712, he died, his property descended to his daughter, who, twenty years later, sold it to a builder by whom it was broken up into lots. Then Lacy, the Drury Lane manager, acquired it conjointly with a foreigner named Rueti, the grounds were laid out, plans were prepared by 'Mr. William Jones, architect to the East India Company;' and the 'orbicular' Rotunda began to rise slowly. In Walpole's Letters you may trace its progress.

‘I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh Garden,’ he tells Mann in April, 1742, ‘they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little ale-houses, it is in rivalry to Vauxhall, and costs above twelve thousand pounds’ [In another place he puts it at ‘sixteen thousand’] ‘The building is not finished, but they get great sums by people going to see it and breakfasting in the house there were yesterday no less than three hundred and eighty persons, at eighteenpence a-piece’ A month later, it is opened in state ‘The Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there Everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvepence . Twice a week there are to be Ridottos at guinea-tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music’ But he is too conservative to give in at once to an untried novelty, of which the fashion may prove no more than ephemeral ‘I was there last night,’ he says, ‘but did not find the joy of it’, and he goes on to prefer Vauxhall, because ‘one goes by water’ It is hazardous to contradict a contemporary, or one might suggest that it was also possible to get by water to Ranelagh, but it must be assumed that, at this early date, the orthodox approach

was by land, and that Ranelagh Stairs were not constructed. However, the prosperity of the place as a rendezvous for persons of quality seems to have increased so rapidly that Walpole, after a few more doubtful references, begins, as usual, to be of the opinion of all the world. In July he takes Lord Orford there, and is pleased to find that his father, though fallen, is not forgotten. 'It was pretty full, and all its fullness flocked round us—we walked with a train at our heels, like two chairmen going to fight, but they were extremely civil, and did not crowd him, or say the least impertinence—I think he grows popular already.' Two years later his note is no longer uncertain, and he announces his *volte-face* in one of his most characteristic passages. 'That you may not think I employ my time as idly as the great men I have been talking of [he has been discussing the doings of the ministry and the operations of the fleet], you must be informed, that every night constantly I go to Ranelagh, which has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else—everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it, that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. If you had never seen it [he is writing to Conway in London, not to Mann at

Florence], I would make you a most pompous description of it, and tell you how the floor is all of beaten princes—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or Duke of Cumberland. The company is universal there is from his Grace of Grafton down to children out of the Foundling Hospital—from my Lady Townshend to the kitten—from my Lord Sandys to your humble cousin and sincere friend.' .

Many memories cluster about this 'mouldered lodge' of Vanity Fair, and reference to its garish glories are freely scattered through the correspondence of Mrs Delany and Mrs Carter, and the fictions of Fielding and Fanny Burney. It was at the portals of Ranelagh, in 1752, that Fielding's enemy, Dr John Hill of 'The Inspector,' was caned by a gentleman he had libelled, it was at Ranelagh, in 1764, that the little Mozart, a boy of eight, gave some of those precocious performances which were then thought wonderful enough to be recorded in the Royal Society's 'Philosophical Transactions.' It was at Ranelagh, again, in 1791, that an entertainment was arranged in aid of Charles-Geneviève-Louis-Auguste-André-Thimothée d'Éon de Beaumont, otherwise known as the

Chevalière d'Éon, who at this date had fallen upon evil days and was living chiefly by exhibiting his prowess as a *maître d'armes* in petticoats. Four years earlier, he had fenced successfully at Carlton House with the famous mulatto Saint-George. By 1791, however, the vogue of Ranelagh was declining. Its last great *festino*, as Walpole would have called it, was a reception given at the beginning of the present century by the Spanish ambassador. In 1804 the grounds were closed, and in 1805 the Rotunda was pulled down. Fifteen years later, Sir Richard Phillips, of the 'Million of Facts,' moralizing on the weed-grown site with much pumped-up sentiment and plentiful notes of exclamation, could only imperfectly identify the traces of the famous pleasure-gardens which had once been—like the 'Waxworks' in Dickens—'the delight of the Nobility and Gentry, and the patronised of Royalty'—AUSTIN DOBSON 246, 265

The Haystack in the Floods

HAD she come all the way for this,
 To part at last without a kiss?
 Yea, had she borne the dirt and rain
 That her own eyes might see him slain
 Beside the haystack in the floods?

Along the dripping leafless woods,
 The stirrup touching either shoe,
 She rode astride as troopers do,
 With kirtle kilted to her knee,
 To which the mud splash'd wretchedly,
 And the wet dripp'd from every tree
 Upon her head and heavy hair,
 And on her eyelids broad and fair,
 The tears and rain ran down her face

By fits and starts they rode apace,
 And very often was his place
 Far off from her, he had to ride
 Ahead, to see what might betide
 When the roads cross'd, and sometimes, when
 There rose a murmuring from his men,
 Had to turn back with promises,
 Ah me! she had but little ease,
 And often for pure doubt and dread
 She sobb'd, made giddy in the head
 By the swift riding, while, for cold,
 Her slender fingers scarce could hold
 The wet reins, yea, and scarcely, too,
 She felt the foot within her shoe
 Against the stirrup all for this,
 To part at last without a kiss
 Beside the haystack in the floods.

For when they near'd that old soak'd hay,
 They saw across the only way
 That Judas, Godmar, and the three
 Red running lions dismally
 Grinn'd from his pennon, under which,
 In one straight line along the ditch,
 They counted thirty heads

So then,

While Robert turn'd round to his men,
 She saw at once the wretched end,
 And, stooping down, tried hard to rend
 Her coif the wrong way from her head,
 And hid her eyes, while Robert said:
 'Nay, love, 'tis scarcely two to one,
 At Poitiers where we made them run
 So fast—why, sweet my love, good cheer,
 The Gascon frontier is so near,
 Nought after this '

But, 'O,' she said,

'My God! my God! I have to tread
 The long way back without you, then
 The court at Paris, those six men,
 The gratings of the Chatelet,
 The swift Seine on some rainy day
 Like this, and people standing by,
 And laughing, while my weak hands try
 To recollect how strong men swim

All this, or else a life with him,
 For which I should be damned at last,
 Would God that this next hour were past'

He answer'd not, but cried his cry,
 'St George for Marny' cheerily,
 And laid his hand upon her rein
 Alas! no man of all his train
 Gave back that cheery cry again;
 And, while for rage his thumb beat fast
 Upon his sword-hilts, some one cast
 About his neck a kerchief long,
 And bound him.

Then they went along
 To Godmar, who said 'Now, Jehane,
 Your lover's life is on the wane
 So fast, that, if this very hour
 You yield not as my paramour,
 He will not see the rain leave off—
 Nay, keep your tongue from gibe and scoff,
 Sir Robert, or I slay you now'
 She laid her hand upon her brow,
 Then gazed upon the palm, as though
 She thought her forehead bled, and—'No,'
 She said, and turn'd her head away,
 As there were nothing else to say,
 And everything were settled · red

Grew Godmar's face from chin to head:
 'Jehane, on yonder hill there stands
 My castle, guarding well my lands
 What hinders me from taking you,
 And doing that I list to do
 To your fair wilful body, while
 Your knight lies dead ?'

A wicked smile

Wrinkled her face, her lips grew thin,
 A long way out she thrust her chin
 'You know that I should strangle you
 While you were sleeping, or bite through
 Your throat, by God's help—ah!' she said,
 'Lord Jesus, pity your poor maid!
 For in such wise they hem me in,
 I cannot choose but sin and sin,
 Whatever happens yet I think
 They could not make me eat or drink,
 And so should I just reach my rest.'
 'Nay, if you do not my behest,
 O Jehane! though I love you well,'
 Said Godmar, 'would I fail to tell
 All that I know?' 'Foul lies,' she said
 'Eh? lies my Jehane? by God's head,
 At Paris folks would deem them true!
 Do you know, Jehane, they cry for you,
 "Jehane the brown! Jehane the brown!"

Give us Jehane to burn or drown!''—
 Eh—gag me Robert!—sweet my friend,
 This were indeed a piteous end
 For those long fingers, and long feet,
 And long neck, and smooth shoulders sweet,
 An end that few men would forget
 That saw it—So, an hour yet
 Consider, Jehane, which to take
 Of life or death!'

So, scarce awake,

Dismounting, did she leave that place,
 And totter some yards· with her face
 Turn'd upward to the sky she lay,
 Her head on a wet heap of hay,
 And fell asleep· and while she slept,
 And did not dream, the minutes crept
 Round to the twelve again, but she,
 Being waked at last, sigh'd quietly,
 And strangely childlike came, and said
 'I will not ' Straightway Godmar's head,
 As though it hung on strong wires, turn'd
 Most sharply round, and his face burn'd.

For Robert—both his eyes were dry,
 He could not weep, but gloomily
 He seem'd to watch the rain, yea, too,
 His lips were firm, he tried once more

To touch her lips, she reach'd out, sore
 And vain desire so tortured them,
 The poor grey lips, and now the hem
 Of his sleeve brush'd them

With a start

Up Godmar rose, thrust them apart,
 From Robert's throat he loosed the bands
 Of silk and mail, with empty hands
 Held out, she stood and gazed, and saw,
 The long bright blade without a flaw
 Glide out from Godmar's sheath, his hand
 In Robert's hair, she saw him bend
 Back Robert's head, she saw him send
 The thin steel down, the blow told well,
 Right backward the knight Robert fell,
 And moan'd as dogs do, being half dead,
 Unwitting, as I deem so then
 Godmar turn'd grinning to his men,
 Who ran, some five or six, and beat
 His head to pieces at their feet.

Then Godmar turn'd again and said:
 'So, Jehane, the first fitte is read!
 Take note, my lady, that your way
 Lies backward to the Chatelet!'
 She shook her head and gazed awhile
 At her cold hands with a rueful smile,

As though this thing had made her mad.

This was the parting that they had
Beside the haystack in the floods

WILLIAM MORRIS. 183, 131

THE use of the Queen, in a dignified capacity, is incalculable. Without her in England, the present English Government would fail and pass away. Most people when they read that the Queen walked on the slopes at Windsor—that the Prince of Wales went to the Derby—have imagined that too much thought and prominence were given to little things. But they have been in error, and it is nice to trace how the actions of a retired widow and an unemployed youth become of such importance.

The best reason why Monarchy is a strong government is, that it is an intelligible government. The mass of mankind understand it, and they hardly anywhere in the world understand any other. It is often said that men are ruled by their imaginations, but it would be truer to say that they are governed by the weakness of their imaginations. The nature of a constitution, the action of an assembly, the play of parties, the unseen formation of a guiding opinion, are complex facts, difficult to know, and easy to

mistake But the action of a single will, the fiat of a single mind, are easy ideas anybody can make them out, and no one can ever forget them. When you put before the mass of mankind the question, 'Will you be governed by a king, or will you be governed by a constitution?' the inquiry comes out thus—'Will you be governed in a way you understand, or will you be governed in a way you do not understand?' The issue was put to the French people, they were asked, 'Will you be governed by Louis Napoleon, or will you be governed by an assembly?' The French people said, 'We will be governed by the one man we can imagine, and not by the many people we cannot imagine'

The best mode of comprehending the nature of the two governments, is to look at a country in which the two have within a comparatively short space of years succeeded each other

'The political condition,' says M Grote, 'which Grecian legend everywhere presents to us, is in its principal features strikingly different from that which had become universally prevalent among the Greeks in the time of the Peloponnesian war. Historical oligarchy, as well as democracy, agreed in requiring a certain established system of government, comprising

the three elements of specialized functions, temporary functionaries, and ultimate responsibility (under some forms or other) to the mass of qualified citizens—either a Senate or an Ecclesia, or both. There were, of course, many and capital distinctions between one government and another, in respect to the qualification of the citizen, the attributes and efficiency of the general assembly, the admissibility to power, &c , and men might often be dissatisfied with the way in which these questions were determined in their own city. But in the mind of every man, some determining rule or system—something like what in modern times is called a *constitution*—was indispensable to any government entitled to be called legitimate, or capable of creating in the mind of a Greek a feeling of moral obligation to obey it. The functionaries who exercise authority under it might be more or less competent or popular, but his personal feelings towards them were commonly lost in his attachment or aversion to the general system. If any energetic man could by audacity or craft break down the constitution, and render himself permanent ruler according to his own will and pleasure, even though he might govern well, he could never inspire the people with any senti-

ment of duty towards him his sceptre was illegitimate from the beginning, and even the taking of his life, far from being interdicted by that moral feeling which condemned the shedding of blood in other cases, was considered meritorious he could not even be mentioned in the language except by a name (*τύραννος*, *despot*) which branded him as an object of mingled fear and dislike

‘If we carry our eyes back from historical to legendary Greece, we find a picture the reverse of what has been here sketched We discern a government in which there is little or no scheme or system, still less any idea of responsibility to the governed, but in which the mainspring of obedience on the part of the people consists in their personal feeling and reverence towards the chief We remark, first and foremost, the King; next, a limited number of subordinate kings or chiefs, afterwards, the mass of armed freemen, husbandmen, artisans, free-booters, &c , lowest of all, the free labourers for hire and the bought slaves. The King is not distinguished by any broad, or impassable boundary from the other chiefs, to each of whom the title *Basileus* is applicable as well as to himself his supremacy has been inherited from his ancestors, and passes

by inheritance, as a general rule, to his eldest son, having been conferred upon the family as a privilege by the favour of Zeus. In war, he is the leader, foremost in personal prowess, and directing all military movements, in peace, he is the general protector of the injured and oppressed, he offers up moreover those public prayers and sacrifices which are intended to obtain for the whole people the favour of the gods. An ample domain is assigned to him as an appurtenance of his lofty position, and the produce of his fields and his cattle is consecrated in part to an abundant, though rude hospitality. Moreover he receives frequent presents, to avert his enmity, to conciliate his favour, or to buy off his exactions, and when plunder is taken from the enemy, a large previous share, comprising probably the most alluring female captive, is reserved for him apart from the general distribution.

‘Such is the position of the King in the heroic times of Greece—the only person (if we except the heralds and priests, each both special and subordinate) who is then presented to us as clothed with any individual authority—the person by whom all the executive functions, then few in number, which the society requires,

are either performed or directed His personal ascendancy—derived from divine countenance bestowed both upon himself individually and upon his race, and probably from accredited divine descent—is the salient feature in the picture the people hearken to his voice, embrace his propositions, and obey his orders not merely resistance, but even criticism upon his acts, is generally exhibited in an odious point of view, and is indeed never heard of except from some one or more of the subordinate princes.’

The characteristic of the English Monarchy is that it retains the feelings by which the heroic kings governed their rude age, and has added the feelings by which the constitutions of later Greece ruled in more refined ages We are a more mixed people than the Athenians, or probably than any political Greeks We have progressed more unequally The slaves in ancient times were a separate order, not ruled by the same laws, or thoughts, as other men It was not necessary to think of them in making a constitution it was not necessary to improve them in order to make a constitution possible. The Greek legislator had not to combine in his polity men like the labourers of Somersetshire, and men like Mr Grote He did not have to deal with a

community in which primitive barbarism lay as a recognized basis to acquired civilization. *We have* We have no slaves to keep down by special terrors and independent legislation. But we have whole classes unable to comprehend the idea of a constitution—unable to feel the least attachment to impersonal laws. Most do indeed vaguely know that there are some other institutions besides the Queen, and some rules by which she governs. But a vast number like their minds to dwell more upon her than upon anything else, and therefore she is inestimable. A Republic has only difficult ideas in government, a Constitutional Monarchy has an easy idea too, it has a comprehensible element for the vacant many, as well as complex laws and notions for the inquiring few.

A *family* on the throne is an interesting idea also. It brings down the pride of sovereignty to the level of petty life. No feeling could seem more childish than the enthusiasm of the English at the marriage of the Prince of Wales. They treated as a great political event, what, looked at as a matter of pure business, was very small indeed. But no feeling could be more like common human nature as it is, and as it is likely to be. The women—one half the human race at

least—care fifty times more for a marriage than a ministry. All but a few cynics like to see a pretty novel touching for a moment the dry scenes of the grave world. A princely marriage is the brilliant edition of a universal fact, and as such, it rivets mankind. We smile at the *Court Circular*, but remember how many people read the *Court Circular*! Its use is not in what it says, but in those to whom it speaks. They say that the Americans were more pleased at the Queen's letter to Mrs. Lincoln, than at any act of the English Government. It was a spontaneous act of intelligible feeling in the midst of confused and tiresome business. Just so a royal family sweetens politics by the seasonable addition of nice and pretty events. It introduces irrelevant facts into the business of government, but they are facts which speak to 'men's bosoms' and employ their thoughts.

To state the matter shortly, Royalty is a government in which the attention of the nation is concentrated on one person doing interesting actions. A Republic is a government in which that attention is divided between many, who are all doing uninteresting actions. Accordingly, so long as the human heart is strong and the human reason weak, Royalty will be strong because it

appeals to diffused feeling, and Republics weak because they appeal to the understanding.—

WALTER BAGEHOT 330, 30.

Hudibras

WHEN civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why,
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore
When gospel-trumpeter surrounded,
With long-eared rout to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bent his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant,

Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle,
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styled of war as well as peace
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water).
 But here our authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise, or stout
 Some hold the one, and some the other;
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The difference was so small, his brain
 Outweighed his rage but half a grain,
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, called a fool
 For't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras
 (For that 's the name our valiant knight
 To all his challenges did write)
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was no such;
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 H'was very shy of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holy-days, or so,

As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak,
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted,
 But much of either would afford
 To many, that had not one word
 For Hebrew roots, although th' are found
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty, as sufficed
 To make some think him circumcised,
 And truly so, perhaps, he was,
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse.
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.

He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope,
 And when he happened to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words, ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by,
 Else when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talked like other folk.
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich,
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learnèd pedants much affect.
 It was a parti-coloured dress
 Of patched and piebald languages,
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin,
 It had an old promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talked three parts in one,
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce

A leash of languages at once
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent.
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large,
 For he could coin, or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit,
 Words so debased and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on,
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em,
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He would have used no other ways

In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater:
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale,
 Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight,
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock doth strike, by Algebra.

Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over,
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b'implicit faith.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore,
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion served, would quote,
 No matter whether right or wrong
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell,
 But oftentimes mistook th' one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts,
 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly,
 Where truth in person does appear
 Like words congealed in Northern air.
 He knew what 's what, and that 's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly,
 In school divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable,
 Profound in all the nominal
 And real ways beyond them all,
 And with as delicate a hand,
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull

That's empty when the moon is full,
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnishèd
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice.
 As if divinity had caught
 The itch, of purpose to be scratched,
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to show with how small pain
 The sores of faith are cured again,
 Although by woful proof we find
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies
 And, as he was disposed, could prove it,
 Below the moon, or else above it
 What Adam dreamt of when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side.
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a High Dutch interpreter
 If either of them had a navel,
 Who first made music malleable.
 Whether the Serpent at the Fall
 Had cloven feet or none at all
 All this without a gloss or comment,
 He would unriddle in a moment

In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit,
'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks,
Call fire and sword and desolation,
A godly-thorough-reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies,
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss,
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick,
That with more care keep holy-day

The wrong, than others the right way,
 Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipped God for spite
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for
 Free will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin.
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly,
 Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge,
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linked,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Lucullus speaks to Caesar

Do not expect to be acknowledged for what you are, much less for what you would be, since no one can well measure a great man but upon the bier. There was a time when the most ardent friend to Alexander of Macedon would have embraced the partisan for his enthusiasm, who should have compared him with Alexander of Pherae. It must have been at a splendid feast, and late at it, when Scipio should have been raised to an equality with Romulus, or Cato with Curius. It has been whispered in my ear, after a speech of Cicero, 'If he goes on so, he will tread down the sandal of Marcus Antonius in the long run, and perhaps leave Hortensius behind.' Officers of mine, speaking about you, have exclaimed with admiration, 'He fights like Cinna.' Think, Caius Julius! (for you have been instructed to think both as a poet and as a philosopher) that among the hundred hands of Ambition, to whom we may attribute them more properly than to Briareus, there is not one which holds anything firmly. In the precipitancy of her course, what appears great is small, and what appears small is great. Our estimate of men is apt to be as inaccurate and inexact as that of things, or more. Wishing to have all on our

side, we often leave those we should keep by us, run after those we should avoid, and call importunately on others who sit quiet and will not come. We cannot at once catch the applauses of the vulgar and expect the approbation of the wise. What are parties? Do men really great ever enter into them? Are they not ball-courts, where ragged adventurers strip and strive, and where dissolute youths abuse one another, and challenge, and game, and wager? If you and I cannot quite divest ourselves of infirmities and passions, let us think however that there is enough in us to be divided into two portions, and let us keep the upper undisturbed and pure. A part of Olympus itself lies in dreariness and in clouds, variable and stormy, but it is not the highest there the gods govern. Your soul is large enough to embrace your country all other affection is for less objects, and less men are capable of it. Abandon, O Caesar! such thoughts and wishes as now agitate and propel you. leave them to mere men of the marsh, to fat hearts and mry intellects. Fortunate may we call ourselves to have been born in an age so productive of eloquence, so rich in erudition. Neither of us would be excluded, or hooted at, on canvassing for these honours. He who can think dispas-

sionately and deeply as I do, is great as I am, none other but his opinions are at freedom to diverge from mine, as mine are from his, and indeed, on recollection, I never loved those most who thought with me, but those rather who deemed my sentiments worth discussion, and who corrected me with frankness and affability
—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. 196, 169.

Sudden Light

I HAVE been here before,
 But when or how I cannot tell
 I know the grass beyond the door,
 The sweet keen smell,
 The sighing sound, the lights around the shore
 You have been mine before,—
 How long ago I may not know.
 But just when at that swallow's soar
 Your neck turned so,
 Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore
 Then, now,—perchance again!
 O round mine eyes your tresses shake!
 Shall we not lie as we have lain
 Thus for Love's sake,
 And sleep, and wake, yet never break the chain?
 DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI 185, 135

To The Rev James Brown.

London, September 24, 1761.

DEAR SIR,—I set out at half an hour past four in the morning for the Coronation, and (in the midst of perils and dangers) arrived very safe at my Lord Chamberlain's box in Westminster Hall. It was on the left hand of the throne, over that appropriated to the foreign ministers. Opposite to us was the box of the Earl Marshal and other great officers, and below it that of the princes and younger part of the royal family. Next them was the royal side-board. Then below the steps of the *haut pas* were the tables of the nobility, on each side quite to the door, behind them boxes for the sideboards, over these other galleries for the peers' tickets, and still higher the boxes of the Auditor, the Board of Green Cloth, etc. All these thronged with people head above head, all dressed, and the women with their jewels on. In front of the throne was a *triomphe* of foliage and flowers resembling nature, placed on the royal table, and rising as high as the canopy itself. The several bodies that were to form the procession issued from behind the throne gradually and in order, and, proceeding down the steps, were ranged on either side of the hall. All the privy councillors

that are commoners (I think) were there, except Mr Pitt, mightily dressed in rich stuffs of gold and colours, with long flowing wigs, some of them comical figures enough. The Knights of the Bath, with their high plumage, were very ornamental. Of the Scotch peers or peeresses that you see in the list very few walked, and of the English dowagers as few, though many of them were in town, and among the spectators. The noblest and most graceful figures among the ladies were the Marchioness of Kildare (as Viscountess Leinster), Viscountess Spencer, Countesses of Harrington, Pembroke, and Strafford, and the Duchess of Richmond. Of the older sort (for there is a grace that belongs to age too), the Countess of Westmoreland, Countess of Albemarle, and Duchess of Queensberry. I should mention too the odd and extraordinary appearances. They were the Viscountess Say and Sele, Countess of Portsmouth and another that I do not name, because she is said to be an extraordinary good woman, Countess of Harcourt, and Duchess of St Albans. Of the men doubtless the noblest and most striking figure was the Earl of Errol, and after him the Dukes of Ancaster, Richmond, Marlborough, Kingston, Earl of Northampton, Pomfret, Viscount

Weymouth, etc The men were—the Earl Talbot (most in sight of anybody), Earls of Delaware and Macclesfield, Lords Montford and Melcombe, all these I beheld at great leisure Then the princess and royal family entered their box. The Queen and then the King took their places in their chairs of state, glittering with jewels, for the hire of which, beside all his own, he paid £9000, and the dean and chapter (who had been waiting without doors a full hour and half) brought up the regalia, which the Duke of Ancaster received and placed on the table Here ensued great confusion in the delivering them out to the lords who were appointed to bear them, the heralds were stupid, the great officers knew nothing of what they were doing The Bishop of Rochester would have dropped the crown if it had not been pinned to the cushion, and the King was often obliged to call out, and set matters right, but the sword of state had been entirely forgot, so Lord Huntingdon was forced to carry the lord mayor's great two-handed sword instead of it. This made it later than ordinary before they got under their canopies and set forward I should have told you that the old Bishop of Lincoln, with his stick, went doddling by the side of the Queen,

and the Bishop of Chester had the pleasure of bearing the gold paten. When they were gone, we went down to dinner, for there were three rooms below, where the Duke of Devonshire was so good as to feed us with great cold sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, fillets of veal, and other substantial viands and liquors, which we devoured all higgledy-piggledy, like porters, after which every one scrambled up again, and seated themselves. The tables were now spread, the cold viands eat, and on the king's table and side-board a great show of gold plate, and a dessert representing Parnassus, with abundance of figures of Muses, Arts, etc., designed by Lord Talbot. This was so high that those at the end of the hall could see neither king nor queen at supper. When they returned it was so dark that the people without doors scarce saw anything of the procession, and as the hall had then no other light than two long ranges of candles at each of the peers' tables, we saw almost as little as they, only one perceived the lords and ladies sidling in and taking their places to dine, but the instant the queen's canopy entered, fire was given to all the lustres at once by trains of prepared flax, that reached from one to the other. To me it seemed an interval of not half a minute before the whole

was in a blaze of splendour. It is true that for that half minute it rained fire upon the heads of all the spectators (the flax falling in large flakes), and the ladies, Queen and all, were in no small terror, but no mischief ensued. It was out as soon as it fell, and the most magnificent spectacle I ever beheld remained. The King (bowing to the lords as he passed) with his crown on his head, and the sceptre and orb in his hands, took his place with great majesty and grace. So did the Queen, with her crown, sceptre, and rod. Then supper was served in gold plate. The Earl Talbot, Duke of Bedford, and Earl of Effingham, in their robes, all three on horseback, prancing and curveting like the hobby-horses in the Rehearsal, ushered in the courses to the foot of the haut-pas. Between the courses the Champion performed his part with applause. The Earl of Denbigh carved for the King, the Earl of Holderness for the Queen. They both eat like farmers. At the board's end, on the right, supped the Dukes of York and Cumberland, on the left Lady Augusta, all of them very rich in jewels. The maple cups, the wafers, the falcons, etc., were brought up and presented in form; three persons were knighted, and before ten the King and Queen retired. Then I got a

scrap of supper, and at one o'clock I walked home So much for the spectacle, which in magnificence surpassed everything I have seen Next I must tell you that the Barons of the Cinque Ports, who by ancient right should dine at a table on the haut-pas, at the right hand of the throne, found that no provision at all had been made for them, and, representing their case to Earl Talbôt, he told them, 'Gentlemen, if you speak to me as High Steward, I must tell you there was no room for you, if as Lord Talbot, I am ready to give you satisfaction in any way you think fit' They are several of them gentlemen of the best families, so this has bred ill blood. In the next place, the City of London found they had no table neither, but Beckford bullied my Lord High Steward till he was forced to give them that intended for the Knights of the Bath, and instead of it they dined at the entertainment prepared for the great officers When you have read this send it to Pa[lgrave] —THOMAS GRAY. 283, 235

The Buried Life

LIGHT flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, with tears my eyes are wet
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll

Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
 We know, we know that we can smile;
 But there 's a something in this breast
 To which thy light words bring no rest,
 And thy gay smiles no anodyne
 Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
 And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
 And let me read there, love, thy inmost soul.

Alas, is even Love too weak
 To unlock the heart and let it speak?
 Are even lovers powerless to reveal
 To one another what indeed they feel?
 I knew the mass of men conceal'd
 Their thoughts, for fear that if reveal'd
 They would by other men be met
 With blank indifference, or with blame reprov'd
 I knew they liv'd and mov'd
 Trick'd in disguises, alien to the rest
 Of men, and alien to themselves—and yet
 The same heart beats in every human breast

But we, my love—does a like spell benumb
 Our hearts—our voices?²—must we too be
 dumb?

Ah, well for us, if even we,
 Even for a moment, can get free

Our heart, and have our lips unchain'd.
 For that which seals them hath been deep
 ordain'd

Fate, which foresaw
 How frivolous a baby man would be,
 By what distractions he would be possess'd,
 How he would pour himself in every strife,
 And well-nigh change his own identity,
 That it might keep from his capricious play
 His genuine self, and force him to obey
 Even in his own despite, his being's law,
 Bade, through the deep recesses of our breast
 The unregarded river of our life
 Pursue with indiscernible flow its way,
 And that we should not see
 The buried stream, and seem to be
 Eddying about in blind uncertainty,
 Though driving on with it eternally.

But often in the world's most crowded streets,
 But often, in the din of strife,
 There rises an unspeakable desire
 After the knowledge of our buried life,
 A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
 In tracking out our true, original course,
 A longing to enquire

Into the mystery of this heart that beats
 So wild, so deep in us, to know
 Whence our thoughts come and where they
 go.

And many a man in his own breast then delves,
 But deep enough, alas, none ever mines
 And we have been on many thousand lines,
 And we have shown on each talent and power,
 But hardly have we, for one little hour,
 Been on our own line, have we been ourselves,
 Hardly had skill to utter one of all
 The nameless feelings that course through our
 breast,

But they course on for ever unexpress'd
 And long we try in vain to speak and act
 Our hidden self, and what we say and do
 Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true.
 And then we will no more be rack'd
 With inward striving, and demand
 Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
 Their stupefying power,
 Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call.
 Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
 From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
 As from an infinitely distant land,
 Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
 A melancholy into all our day

Only—but this is rare—
 When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
 When, jaded with the rush and glare
 Of the interminable hours,
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
 When our world-deafen'd ear
 Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd,
 A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again
 The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
 And what we mean, we say, and what we would,
 we know.

A man becomes aware of his life's flow
 And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
 The meadows where it glides, the sun, the
 breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
 Wherein he doth for ever chase
 That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
 An air of coolness plays upon his face,
 And an unwonted calm pervades his breast
 And then he thinks he knows
 The Hills where his life rose,
 And the Sea where it goes

IN the character of the French, considered as a people, there are undoubtedly many circumstances truly ridiculous. You know the fashionable people, who go a hunting, are equipped with their jack boots, bag wigs, swords and pistols but I saw the other day a scene still more grotesque. On the road to Choissy, a *fiacre*, or hackney-coach, stopped, and out came five or six men, armed with musquets, who took post, each behind a separate tree. I asked our servant who they were, imagining they might be *archers*, or footpads of justice, in pursuit of some malefactor. But guess my surprise, when the fellow told me, they were gentlemen *à la chasse*. They were in fact come out from Paris, in this equipage, to take the diversion of hare-hunting, that is, of shooting from behind a tree at the hares that chanced to pass. Indeed, if they had nothing more in view, but to destroy the game, this was a very effectual method, for the hares are in such plenty in this neighbourhood, that I have seen a dozen together, in the same field. I think this way of hunting, in a coach or chariot, might be properly adopted at London, in favour of those aldermen of the city, who are too unwieldy to follow the hounds a horseback.

The French, however, with all their ab-

surditues, preserve a certain ascendancy over us, which is very disgraceful to our nation, and this appears in nothing more than in the article of dress. We are contented to be thought their apes in fashion, but, in fact, we are slaves to their taylors, mantua-makers, barbers, and other tradesmen. One would be apt to imagine that our own tradesmen had joined them in a combination against us. When the natives of France come to London, they appear in all public places, with cloaths made according to the fashion of their own country, and this fashion is generally admired by the English. Why, therefore, don't we follow it implicitly? No, we pique ourselves upon a most ridiculous deviation from the very modes we admire, and please ourselves with thinking this deviation is a mark of our spirit and liberty. But, we have not spirit enough to persist in this deviation, when we visit their country otherwise, perhaps, they would come to admire and follow our example. for certainly, in point of true taste, the fashions of both countries are equally absurd. At present, the skirts of the English descend from the fifth rib to the calf of the leg, and give the coat the form of a Jewish gabardine, and our hats seem to be modelled after that which Pistol wears upon the stage. In

France, the haunch buttons and pocket-holes are within half a foot of the coat's extremity their hats look as if they had been pared round the brims, and the crown is covered with a kind of cordage, which, in my opinion, produces a very beggarly effect. In every other circumstance of dress, male and female, the contrast between the two nations, appears equally glaring. What is the consequence? when an Englishman comes to Paris, he cannot appear until he has undergone a total metamorphosis. At his first arrival he finds it necessary to send for the taylor, perruquier, hatter, shoemaker, and every other tradesman concerned in the equipment of the human body. He must even change his buckles, and the form of his ruffles, and, though at the risque of his life, suit his cloaths to the mode of the season. For example, though the weather should be never so cold, he must wear his *habit d'été*, or *demi-saison*, without presuming to put on a warm dress before the day which fashion has fixed for that purpose, and neither old age nor infirmity will excuse a man for wearing his hat upon his head, either at home or abroad. Females are (if possible) still more subject to the caprices of fashion; and as the articles of their dress are more manifold, it is enough to

make a man's heart ake to see his wife surrounded by a multitude of *cotturieres*, milliners, and tire-women. All her sacks and negligees must be altered and new trimmed. She must have new caps, new laces, new shoes, and her hair new cut. She must have her taffaties for the summer, her flowered silks for the spring and autumn, her sattins and damasks for winter. The good man, who used to wear the *beau drap d'Angleterre*, quite plain all the year round, with a long bob, or tye perriwig, must here provide himself with a camblet suit trimmed with silver for spring and autumn, with silk cloaths for summer, and cloth laced with gold, or velvet for winter, and he must wear his bag-wig *à la pigeon*. This variety of dress is absolutely indispensible for all those who pretend to any rank above the meer bourgeois. On his return to his own country, all this frippery is useless. He cannot appear in London until he has undergone another thorough metamorphosis, so that he will have some reason to think, that the tradesmen of Paris and London have combined to lay him under contribution and they, no doubt, are the directors who regulate the fashions in both capitals, the English, however, in a subordinate capacity for the puppets of their making will

not pass at Paris, nor indeed in any other part of Europe, whereas a French *petit maître* is reckoned a complete figure every where, London not excepted. Since it is so much the humour of the English at present to run abroad, I wish they had antigallican spirit enough to produce themselves in their own genuine English dress, and treat the French modes with the same philosophical contempt, which was shewn by an honest gentleman, distinguished by the name of Wig-Middleton. That unshaken patriot still appears in the same kind of scratch perrwig, skimming-dish hat, and slit sleeve, which were worn five-and-twenty years ago, and has invariably persisted in this garb, in defiance of all the revolutions of the mode. I remember a student in the temple, who, after a long and learned investigation of the *τὸ καλόν*, or *beautiful*, had resolution enough to let his beard grow, and wore it in all public places, until his heir at law applied for a commission of lunacy against him, then he submitted at the razor, rather than run any risque of being found *non compos* —TOBIAS SMOLLETT 90, 51

Haunted Houses

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro
There are more guests at table, than the hosts
Invited, the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall
The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear,
He but perceives what is, while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear
We have no title-deeds to house or lands,
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates
The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours
dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
 By opposite attractions and desires,
 The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
 And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
 Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
 Come from the influence of an unseen star,
 An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
 Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
 Across whose trembling planks our fancies
 crowd
 Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends
 A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
 O'er whose unsteady floor that sways and bends,
 Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. 174, 395

THEODORE HOOK possessed both wit and humour, and told a story well. Though not without passion, the tendency was rather towards the evil passions than the ennobling. He could make a forcible appeal to the feelings, but it involved no fine principle. He had great

graphic powers in the ridiculous, and a surprising readiness of invention, or novel application. But his wit was generally malicious, and his humour satirical. If he made a sharp hit at an individual peculiarity, the point generally went through into human nature. You could not help laughing, but were generally ashamed of yourself for having laughed. The objects of his satire were seldom the vices or follies of mankind, but generally their misfortunes, or manners, or unavoidable disadvantages, whether of a physical or intellectual kind. A poor man with his mutton bone was a rich meal for his comic muse, and he was convulsed at the absurdity of high principles in rags, or at all needy. He never made fun of a lord. He would as soon have taken the King of Terrors pickaback, as made fun of a lord —RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. 127,

279

ADMIRAL BYNG's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villany, murder, and a hero! His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind, his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days

before, one of his friends standing by him, said, 'Which of us is tallest?' He replied, 'Why this ceremony? I know what it means, let the man come and measure me for my coffin.' He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are, came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death, but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners? Has the aspen Duke of Newcastle lived thus? Would my Lord Hardwicke die thus, even supposing he had nothing on his conscience?—HORACE WALPOLE. 202, 104.

I KNOW nothing more wonderful than the variety of sciences to which Roman law, Roman Contract-law more particularly, has contributed

modes of thought, courses of reasoning, and a technical language. Of the subjects which have whetted the intellectual appetite of the moderns, there is scarcely one, except Physics, which has not been filtered through Roman jurisprudence. The science of pure Metaphysics had, indeed, rather a Greek than a Roman parentage, but Politics, Moral Philosophy, and even Theology, found in Roman law not only a vehicle of expression, but a nidus in which some of their profoundest inquiries were nourished into maturity. For the purpose of accounting for this phenomenon, it is not absolutely necessary to discuss the mysterious relation between words and ideas, or to explain how it is that the human mind has never grappled with any subject of thought, unless it has been provided beforehand with a proper store of language and with an apparatus of appropriate logical methods. It is enough to remark, that, when the philosophical interests of the Eastern and Western worlds were separated, the founders of Western thought belonged to a society which spoke Latin and reflected in Latin. But in the Western provinces the only language which retained sufficient precision for philosophical purposes was the language of Roman law, which by a singular

fortune had preserved nearly all the purity of the Augustan age, while vernacular Latin was degenerating into a dialect of portentous barbarism. And if Roman jurisprudence supplied the only means of exactness in speech, still more emphatically did it furnish the only means of exactness, subtlety, or depth in thought. For at least three centuries, philosophy and science were without a home in the West, and though metaphysics and metaphysical theology were engrossing the mental energies of multitudes of Roman subjects, the phraseology employed in these ardent inquiries was exclusively Greek, and their theatre was the Eastern half of the Empire. Sometimes, indeed, the conclusions of the Eastern disputants became so important that every man's assent to them, or dissent from them, had to be recorded, and then the West was introduced to the results of Eastern controversy, which it generally acquiesced in without interest and without resistance. Meanwhile, one department of inquiry, difficult enough for the most laborious, deep enough for the most subtle, delicate enough for the most refined, had never lost its attractions for the educated classes of the Western provinces. To the cultivated citizen of Africa, of Spain, of Gaul, and of Northern

Italy, it was jurisprudence, and jurisprudence only, which stood in the place of poetry and history, of philosophy and science. So far then from there being anything mysterious in the palpably legal complexion of the earliest efforts of Western thought it would rather be astonishing if it had assumed any other hue. I can only express my surprise at the scantiness of the attention which has been given to the difference between Western ideas and Eastern, between Western theology and Eastern, caused by the presence of a new ingredient. It is precisely because the influence of jurisprudence begins to be powerful that the foundation of Constantinople and the subsequent separation of the Western Empire from the Eastern, are epochs in philosophical history. But continental thinkers are doubtless less capable of appreciating the importance of this crisis by the very intimacy with which notions derived from Roman Law are mingled up with their everyday ideas. Englishmen, on the other hand, are blind to it through the monstrous ignorance to which they condemn themselves of the most plentiful source of the stream of modern knowledge, of the one intellectual result of the Roman civilization. At the same time, an Englishman, who will be at

had pretended, for the sake of securing the informer's fee, to be a convert to his doctrines. He was seized, and immediately put to the torture. He manfully refused to betray any members of his congregation, as manfully avowed and maintained his religious creed. He was condemned to the flames, and during the interval which preceded his execution, he comforted his friends by letters of advice, religious consolation and encouragement, which he wrote from his dungeon. He sent a message to the woman who had betrayed him, assuring her of his forgiveness, and exhorting her to repentance. His calmness, wisdom, and gentleness excited the admiration of all. When, therefore, this humble imitator of Christ was led through the streets of Antwerp to the stake, the popular emotion was at once visible. To the multitude who thronged about the executioners with threatening aspect, he addressed an urgent remonstrance that they would not compromise their own safety by a tumult in his cause. He invited all, however, to remain steadfast to the great truth for which he was about to lay down his life. The crowd, as they followed the procession of hangmen, halberdsmen, and magistrates, sang the hundred and thirtieth psalm in full chorus. As the victim

arrived upon the market-place, he knelt upon the ground, to pray for the last time. He was, however, rudely forced to rise by the executioner, who immediately chained him to the stake, and fastened a leathern strap around his throat. At this moment the popular indignation became uncontrollable, and stones were showered upon the magistrates and soldiers, who, after a slight resistance, fled for their lives. The foremost of the insurgents dashed into the enclosed arena, to rescue the prisoner. It was too late. The executioner, even as he fled, had crushed the victim's head with a sledge-hammer, and pierced him through and through with a poniard. Some of the bystanders maintained afterwards that his fingers and lips were seen to move, as if in feeble prayer, for a little time longer, until, as the fire mounted, he fell into the flames. For the remainder of the day, after the fire had entirely smouldered to ashes, the charred and half-consumed body of the victim remained on the market-place, a ghastly spectacle to friend and foe. It was afterwards bound to a stone and cast into the Scheld. Such was the doom of Christopher Fabricius, for having preached Christianity in Antwerp—JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY 96, 429

Song for Twilight

HIDE me, O twilight air,
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things foul or fair,
 Until to-morrow!

To-night I strive no more,
No more my soul shall soar.
Come, sleep, and shut the door
 'Gainst pain and sorrow!

If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
 To watch and wander,
So may my spirit cast
(Serpent-like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
 Have leave to ponder

And shouldst thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet soul,
On joy, the end and goal
 Of all endeavour

But if earth's pains will rise,
(As damps will seek the skies,)
Then, night, seal thou mine eyes,
 In sleep for ever

GENIUS is the heir of fame, but the hard condition on which the bright reversion must be earned is the loss of life. Fame is the recompense not of the living, but of the dead. The temple of fame stands upon the grave: the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of great men. Fame itself is immortal, but it is not begot till the breath of genius is extinguished. For fame is not popularity, the shout of the multitude, the idle buzz of fashion, the venal puff, the soothing flattery of favour or of friendship; but it is the spirit of a man surviving himself in the minds and thoughts of other men, undying and imperishable. It is the power which the intellect exercises over the intellect, and the lasting homage which is paid to it, as such, independently of time and circumstances, purified from partiality and evil speaking. Fame is the sound which the stream of high thoughts, carried down to future ages, makes as it flows—deep, distant, murmuring evermore like the waters of the mighty ocean. He who has ears truly touched to this music, is in a manner deaf to the voice of popularity.—The love of fame differs from mere vanity in this, that the one is immediate and personal, the other ideal and abstracted. It is not the direct and gross homage paid to

himself, that the lover of true fame seeks or is proud of, but the indirect and pure homage paid to the eternal forms of truth and beauty as they are reflected in his mind, that gives him confidence and hope. The love of nature is the first thing in the mind of the true poet. the admiration of himself the last. A man of genius cannot well be a coxcomb, for his mind is too full of other things to be much occupied with his own person. He who is conscious of great powers in himself, has also a high standard of excellence with which to compare his efforts. he appeals also to a test and judge of merit, which is the highest, but which is too remote, grave, and impartial, to flatter his self-love extravagantly, or puff him up with intolerable and vain conceit. This, indeed, is one test of genius and of real greatness of mind, whether a man can wait patiently and calmly for the award of posterity, satisfied with the unwearied exercise of his faculties, retired within the sanctuary of his own thoughts, or whether he is eager to forestall his own immortality, and mortgage it for a newspaper puff. He who thinks much of himself, will be in danger of being forgotten by the rest of the world. he who is always trying to lay violent hands on reputation, will not secure the

best and most lasting. If the restless candidate for praise takes no pleasure, no sincere and heart-felt delight in his works, but as they are admired and applauded by others, what should others see in them to admire or applaud? They cannot be expected to admire them because they are *his*, but for the truth and nature contained in them, which must first be inly felt and copied with severe delight, from the love of truth and nature, before it can ever appear there. Was Raphael, think you, when he painted his pictures of the Virgin and Child in all their inconceivable truth and beauty of expression, thinking most of his subject or of himself? Do you suppose that Titian, when he painted a landscape, was pluming himself upon being thought the finest colourist in the world, or making himself so by looking at nature? Do you imagine that Shakespeare, when he wrote *Lear* or *Othello*, was thinking of anything but *Lear* and *Othello*? No he who would be great in the eyes of others, must first learn to be nothing in his own. The love of fame, as it enters at times into his mind, is only another name for the love of excellence, or it is the ambition to attain the highest excellence, sanctioned by the highest authority—that of time.

Those minds, then, which are the most entitled to expect it, can best put up with the postponement of their claims to lasting fame. They can afford to wait. They are not afraid that truth and nature will ever wear out, will lose their gloss with novelty, or their effect with fashion. If their works have the seeds of immortality in them, they will live, if they have not, they care little about them as theirs. They do not complain of the start which others have got of them in the race of everlasting renown, or of the impossibility of attaining the honours which time alone can give, during the term of their natural lives. They know that no applause, however loud and violent, can anticipate or overrule the judgement of posterity, that the opinion of no one individual, nor of any one generation, can have the weight, the authority (to say nothing of the force of sympathy and prejudice), which must belong to that of successive generations. The brightest living reputation cannot be equally imposing to the imagination, with that which is covered and rendered venerable with the hoar of innumerable ages. No modern production can have the same atmosphere of sentiment around it, as the remains of classical antiquity. But then our

moderns may console themselves with the reflection, that they will be old in their turn, and will either be remembered with still increasing honours, or quite forgotten!—WILLIAM HAZLITT
255, 220

Chorus of Birds

YE Children of Man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air),
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labour, and care
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn,
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky We propose by and by
(If you'll listen and hear), to make it all clear.

And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
 When his doubts are explain'd and expounded at
 once.

Before the creation of Aether and Light,
 Chaos and Night together were plight,
 In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight
 Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
 Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
 But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm

At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
 Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
 By Night the primaeval in secrecy laid—
 A Mystical Egg, that in silence and shade
 Was brooded and hatch'd, till time came about,
 And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
 In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
 Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,
 His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
 As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd
 To range his dominions on glittering pinions,
 All golden and azure, and blooming and bur-
 nish'd

He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,
 With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
 Impregnated Chaos, and hastily snatched
 To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,

The primitive Birds but the Deities all,
 The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
 Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth
 More tamely combined, of a temperate kind,
 When chaotical mixture approached to a fixture.

Our antiquity proved, it remains to be shown
 That Love is our author, and master alone,
 Like him we can ramble, and gambol and fly
 O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky
 And, all the world over, we're friends to the
 lover,

And when other means fail, we are found to
 prevail,

When a Peacock or Pheasant is sent as a present

 All lessons of primary daily concern
 You have learnt from the Birds, and continue to
 learn,

Your best benefactors and early instructors,
 We give you the warning of seasons returning
 When the Cranes are arranged, and muster
 afloat

In the middle air, with a creaking note,
 Steering away to the Lybian sands,
 Then careful farmers sow their lands,
 The crazy vessel is haul'd ashore,
 The sail, the ropes, the rudder, and oar
 Are all unshipp'd, and housed in store.

The shepherd is warn'd, by the Kite re-
 appearing,
 To muster his flock, and be ready for shearing
 You quit your old cloak at the Swallow's
 behest,

In assurance of summer, and purchase a vest.

For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine
 For every oracular temple and shrine,
 The Birds are a substitute equal and fair,
 For on us you depend, and to us you repair
 For counsel and aid when a marriage is made,
 A purchase, a bargain, a venture in trade
 Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye,
 An ox or an ass that may happen to pass,
 A voice in the street, or a slave that you meet,
 A name or a word by chance overheard,
 If you deem it an omen, you call it a *Bird*,
 And if birds are your omens, it clearly will
 follow

That birds are a proper prophetic Apollo.

Then take us as gods, and you'll soon find the
 odds,
 We'll serve for all uses, as prophets and muses;
 We'll give ye fine weather, we'll live here to-
 gether,

We'll not keep away, scornful and proud, a-top
of a cloud

(In Jupiter's way), but attend every day
To prosper and bless all you possess,
And all your affairs, for yourselves and your
heirs

And as long as you live, we shall give
You wealth and health, and pleasure and
treasure,

In ample measure,

And never bilk you of pigeon's milk

Or potable gold, you shall live to grow old,
In laughter and mirth, on the face of the earth,
Laughing, quaffing, carousing, boozing,

Your only distress shall be the excess
Of ease and abundance and happiness.

ARISTOPHANES *Translated by John Hookham
Frere. 134, 203.*

WHAT a scene was that cornfield under the hot
August sky! Fiery red glowed the faces of the
harvestmen, against the golden background, a
sea of waving wheat, the famed ruddy-hued
wheat of Talavera Not a cloud obscured the
burning blue heavens, whilst beyond the stand-
ing corn showed here and there a bit of foliage,

lofty hedge starred with wild roses or low pollard oaks of deep rich green.

As the afternoon drew on, the sultriness increased, and such brilliant contrasts of colour grew more intense. Southern warmth and gorgeousness seemed to invest the Suffolk harvest field. But the bucolic mood of the reapers had passed. Whilst the sickles moved automatically backwards and forwards, not a word passed their lips, a regiment of deaf-mutes were hardly quieter. From time to time, at a signal of the leader, each stood up, wiped his brow, shook himself, took a draught of beer, interchanged a word with his fellow, then resumed work vigorously as before.

The sun sank behind the pollard oaks and twilight succeeded, hardly bringing coolness. A little later, although no breeze sprang up, pleasant freshness lightened their labours, another and yet another drink from the master's can lent new strength, long after moon-rising, that mechanical swing of forty arms, that gleam of twenty sickles went on. Deep, almost solemn silence reigned over the cornfield. Only the rustle of footsteps and wheat falling on the stover broke the stillness, a stillness and monotony emblematic of these noiseless, unheroic lives, the tide of human

existence that perpetually ebbs and flows, leaving no memory behind —M BETHAM-EDWARDS
194, 9

ABSOLUTE justice is indeed no more attainable than absolute truth, but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth And though absolute justice be unattainable, as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by all those who make it their aim.—JOHN RUSKIN. 148, 65

BUT it is ever the misfortune of Learning to be wounded by her own hand —SAMUEL DANIEL
240, 91.

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18. Homer's Iliad Trans by Pope
19. Carlyle Sartor Resartus

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